THOUGHTS IN PRISON:

IN FIVE PARTS.

VIZ.

THE IMPRISONMENT. THE TRIAL.
THE RETROSPECT. FUTURITY.
PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.

By the Rev. WILLIAM DODD, L.L.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HIS LAST PRAYER,

Written in the Night before his Death:

AND

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

—— Theſe evils I deſerve, and more:
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly; yet deſpair not of his final pardon,
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the Suppliant! MILTON.

BOSTON:

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1774.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE REVEREND

JOSEPH WILLARD,

PRESIDENT of Harvard Univerſity:

REVEREND SIR,

THE Great and Virtuous in every age, have been the Encouragers and Supporters of the liberal Arts and Sciences.---Learning, like a tender plant, requires the ſolicitous care of the benevolent mind; and, when properly ſupported,

ſupported, extends its beneficial effects to every order of ſociety.

Amidſt the deſolations of War, under which America has ſtruggled near eight years, there have been, even in that diſtreſſing period, many valuable characters, who have ſhone forth as ſtars of the firſt magnitude in the horizon of Literature, and who, by their excellent precepts and example, have led the Youth into the pleaſing paths of ſcience.

You, Sir, having been eminently diſtinguiſhed in that ſphere, the American Editor of Dr. DODD's THOUGHTS IN PRISON,

PRISON, humbly begs leave to pay his acknowledgments to ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit, and to ſubſcribe himſelf, with the utmoſt reſpect,

Reverend Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

ROBERT HODGE.

15 OC 61

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Work, as the dates of the reſpective Parts evince, was begun by its unhappy Author in his apartments at Newgate, on the evening of the day ſubſequent to his Trial and Conviction at Juſtice-hall; and was finiſhed, amidſt various neceſſary interruptions, in little more than the ſpace of two months.

Prefixed to the Manuſcript is the enſuing Note:

April 23, 1777.

"I BEGAN theſe Thoughts merely from the im-
"preſſion of my mind, without plan, purpoſe, or
"motive, more than the ſituation and ſtate of my
"Soul. I continued them on a thoughtful and re-
"gular plan: and I have been enabled wonderful-
"ly—in a ſtate, which in better days I ſhould have
"ſuppoſed would have deſtroyed all power of Re-
"flection—

" flection——to bring them nearly to a concluſion.
" I dedicate them to God, and to the *reflecting Se-*
" *rious* amongſt my Fellow-Creatures; and I bleſs
" the Almighty for the ability to go through them
" amidſt the Terrors of this dire Place, and the
" bitter anguiſh of my diſconſolate Mind!

" The Thinking will eaſily pardon all inaccura-
" cies, as I am neither *able* nor *willing* to read over
" theſe melancholy lines with a *curious* or *critical*
" eye! They are imperfect, but the Language of
" The Heart; and, had I time and inclination,
" might and ſhould be improved.

" But——15 OC, 61!

W. D."

The few little Pieces ſubjoin'd to the *Thoughts*, and the Author's *Laſt Prayer*, were found amongſt his Papers. Their evident connection with the Poem was the inducement for adding them to the Volume.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS IN PRISON:

Commenced Sunday Evening, Eight o'Clock*,
February 23, 1777.

WEEK THE FIRST.

THE IMPRISONMENT.

MY Friends are gone! Harſh on its ſullen hinge
Grates the dread door: the maſſy bolts reſpond
Tremendous to the ſurly Keeper's touch.
The dire keys clang: with movement dull and ſlow
While their beheſt the ponderous locks perform:
And, faſtened firm the object of their care
Is left to Solitude—to Sorrow left!

* The hour when they lock up in this diſmal place.

But wherefore faſtened? Oh ſtill ſtronger bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten braſs,
To Solitude and Sorrow would conſign
His anguiſh'd Soul, and priſon him, tho' free!
For, whither ſhould he fly, or where produce
In open day, and to the golden Sun,
His hapleſs head! whence every laurel torn,
On his bald brow ſits grinning Infamy;
And all in ſportive triumph twines around
The keen, the ſtinging Adders of Diſgrace!

Yet what's Diſgrace with Man? or all the ſtings
Of pointed Scorn? What the tumultuous voice
Of erring Multitudes? Or what the ſhafts
Of keeneſt Malice, levell'd from the bow
Of human Inquiſition?—if the God
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down
Upon the ſtruggling victim; and beholds
Repentance burſting from the earth-bent eye,
And *Faith*'s red croſs held cloſely to the breaſt!

Oh

Oh Author of my being! of my bliſs
Beneficent Diſpenſer! wond'rous Power,
Whoſe eye, all-ſearching, thro' this dreary gloom
Diſcerns the deepeſt ſecrets of the Soul;
Aſſiſt me!—With thy ray of light divine
Illumine my dark thoughts; upraiſe my low;
And give me Wiſdom's guidance while I ſtrive
Impartially to ſtate the dread account,
And call myſelf to trial! Trial far
Than That more fearful—tho' how fearful That
Which trembling late I prov'd! Oh aid my hand
To hold the balance equal, and allow
The few ſad moments of remaining life
To Retroſpection uſeful! Make my End,
As my firſt wiſh (thou know'ſt the heart) has been,
To make my whole of Being to my Friends,
My fellow-pilgrims through this world of woe,
Inſtructive!—Oh could I conduct but *one*,
One only with me, to our Canaan's *reſt*;
How could I meet my fate, nor think it hard!

Not

Not *think it hard?*---Burſt into tears, my Soul;
Guſh every pore of my diſtracted frame,
Guſh into drops of blood!---But *one*; ſave *one*,
Or guide to *Canaan's reſt?*---when all thy Views
In better days were dedicate alone
To guide, perſuade to that celeſtial *reſt*
Souls, which have liſtened with Devotion's ear
To Sion's ſongs enchanting from thy lips,
And tidings ſweet of *Jeſu's* pardoning Love!

But *one*, ſave *one?*---Oh, what a *Reſt* is this!
Oh what a *Sabbath* in this dungeon's gloom,
This priſon-houſe, meet emblem of the realm
Reſerv'd for the ungodly! Hark, methinks
I hear the chearful melody of Praiſe
And penitential Sweetneſs *! 'Tis the ſound,
The well-known ſound, to which my Soul, attun'd
For year ſucceeding year, hath hearken'd glad,
And ſtill with freſh delight: while all my powers

In

* Referring more immediately to the Duty of the Magdalen-Chapel.

In bleſt employ, have preſt the ſaving truths
Of Grace Divine, and *Faith*'s all-conquering
might,
On the ſure Rock of Ages grounded firm.

Thoſe hours are gone! and *here*, from Heaven
ſhut out,
And heavenly works like theſe, on this lov'd day,
Reſt of my GOD,---I only hear around
The diſmal clang of chains; the hoarſe rough ſhout
Of diſſonant Imprecation; and the cry
Of Miſery and Vice, in fearful din
Impetuous mingled; while my frighted mind
Shrinks back in horror! while the ſcalding tears
Involuntary ſtarting, furrow down
My ſickly cheeks; and whirling thought confus'd
For giddy moments, ſcarce allows to know
Or where, or who, or what a Wretch I am!

Not know?---Alas! too well it ſtrikes my heart,
Emphatical it ſpeaks; while dungeons, chains,

And

And bars and bolts proclaim the mournful truth,
"Ah what a Wretch thou art! How ſunk, how
"fallen,
"* From what high ſtate of bliſs, into what woe!"
Fallen from the topmoſt bough that plays in air
E'en of the talleſt cedar; where aloft
Proud Happineſs her towering eyrie built;
Built, as I dreamt, for ages. Idle dream!
And yet, amongſt the millions of mankind,
Who *ſleep* like me; how few, like me deceiv'd,
Do not indulge the ſame fantaſtic dream!

Give me the Angel's Clarion!---Let me ſound,
Loud as the blaſt which ſhall awake the dead;
Oh let me ſound and call the ſlumberers forth
To view the viſion, which deluſive charms;
To ſhake the potent incantation off;
Or ere it burſt in ruin on *their* Souls,
As it has burſt on *mine*.---Not on my *Soul!*
Retract the dread idea: Righteous GOD!

Not

* Milton. Paradiſe Loſt, Book v. 540.

Not on my SOUL! Oh thou art gracious all,
And with an eye of pity from thy Throne
Of Majesty Supernal, Thou behold'st
The creatures of thy hand, thy feeble sons,
Struggling with Sin, with Satan and the World,
Their Sworn and deadly foes: and, having felt
In human flesh the *trials* of our kind,
Know'st sympathetic how to aid the TRIED!

Rock of my hope! the rash, rash phrase forgive;
Safe is my SOUL; nor can it know one fear,
Grounded on Thee Unchangeable! Thee first,
Thee last, great Cleanser of all human sin!

But, tho' secure the vessel rides in port,
Held firm by Faith's strong anchor,—well it suits
The mariner to think, by what strange means
Thro' perils unconceivable he pass'd;
Thro' rocks, sands, pirates, storms, and boist'rous waves,
And happily obtain'd the port at last.

On

On THESE my thoughts are bent: nor dream it wrong.
Miniſtring Angels! whoſe benignant taſk
Aſſign'd by Heav'n, is to conſole Diſtreſs,
And hold up human hearts amidſt the toil
Of human woe *!—Bleſt Spirits, who delight
In ſweet, ſubmiſſive Reſignation's ſmile,
To that high Will you know for ever right;—
Deem it not wrong, that with a weeping eye,
Deem it not wrong, that with a bleeding heart,
I dwell a while,—unworthieſt of my race,—
On thoſe black rocks, thoſe quick-ſands, waves and ſtorms,
Which in a ſea of trouble have engulph'd
All, all my earthly comforts; and have left
Me, a poor, naked, ſhipwreck'd, ſuffering wretch
On this bleak ſhore, in this confinement drear;
At *ſight* of which, in better days, my Soul
Hath ſtarted back with horror! while my Friend,
My boſom-partner in each hour of pain,

With

* See Pſalm xxxiv. 7. Heb. i. 14.

With antidotes preventive kindly arm'd,
Trembling for my lov'd health; when chriſtian calls,
And zeal for others welfare, haply brought
My ſteps attendant on this Den of Death!

Oh diſmal change! Now, not in friendly ſort
A chriſtian Viſitor, to pour the balm
Of chriſtian comfort in ſome wretch's ear,—
I am that wretch myſelf! and want, much want,
The chriſtian conſolation I beſtow'd;
So chearfully beſtow'd! want, want, my GOD,
From Thee the mercy, from my fellow-man
The lenient mercy, which,—great Judge of Hearts,
To Thee I make the ſolemn, ſad appeal—
That mercy, which Thou know'ſt my gladſome ſoul
Ever ſprang forth with tranſport to impart!

Why then, myſterious Providence! purſued
With ſuch unfeeling ardour? why purſued

To death's dread bourn, by men to me unknown!
Why——Stop the deep queſtion; it o'erwhelms my ſoul;
It reels, it ſtaggers!—Earth turns round!—my brain
Whirls in confuſion! my impetuous heart
Throbs with pulſations not to be reſtrain'd:
Why?—where?—Oh CHESTERFIELD! my ſon, my ſon!

Nay, talk not of compoſure! I had thought
In olden time, that my weak heart was ſoft,
And Pity's ſelf might break it.—I had thought
That marble-ey'd Severity would crack
The ſlender nerves which guide my reins of ſenſe,
And give me up to madneſs. 'Tis not ſo:
My heart is callous, and my nerves are tough:
It will not break; they will not crack; or elſe
What more, juſt Heaven! was wanting to the deed,

Than

Than to behold—Oh that eternal Night
Had in that moment ſcreen'd me from myſelf!—
My STANHOPE to behold, whoſe filial ear
Drank pleas'd the lore of wiſdom from my tongue.
My STANHOPE to behold!—Ah piercing ſight!
Forget it;—'tis diſtraction:—Speak who can!

But, I am loſt! a criminal adjudg'd!
A guilty miſcreant! Canſt thou think, my Friend,
Oh BUTLER, 'midſt a million faithful found!—
Oh canſt thou think, who know'ſt, who long has known
My inmoſt ſoul; oh canſt thou think that life,
From ſuch rude outrage for a moment ſav'd,
And ſav'd almoſt by miracle *, deſerves
The languid wiſh, or e'er can be ſuſtain'd?

It

* Referring to the caſe reſerved for the ſolemn deciſion of the Twelve Judges; and which gave the priſoner a much longer ſpace than his moſt ſanguine friends could have expected, from the complexion of the Proceſs. See the Seſſions Paper for Feb. 1777.

It *can*—it muſt! That miracle alone
To life gives conſequence. Oh deem it not
Preſumptuous, that my grateful ſoul thus rates
The preſent high deliverance it hath found;—
Sole efforts of thy wiſdom, Sovereign Power,
Without whoſe knowledge not a ſparrow falls!
Oh may I ceaſe to live, ere ceaſe to bleſs
That interpoſing Hand, which turn'd aſide,—
Nay, to my life and preſervation turn'd
The fatal blow precipitate, ordain'd
To level all my little hopes in duſt,
And give me to the grave! Rather, my hand,
Forget thy cunning! Rather ſhall my tongue
In gloomy ſilence bury every note
To my glad heart reſpondent, than I ceaſe
To dedicate to *Him* who ſpar'd my life,
Each breath, each power, while HE vouchſafes to lend
The precious boon!—To HIM be all its praiſe!
To Him be all its ſervice! Long or ſhort,

The

The gift's the ſame: to *live* or *die to him*,
Is *gain* ſufficient, everlaſting gain:
And may that gain be mine!—I live, I live!
Ye hours, ye minutes, bounty of his grace,
Fleet not away without improvement due:
Rich on your wings bear *Penitence* and *Prayer*
To Heaven's all-clement Ruler; and to *Man*
Bear all the *Retribution* Man can make!
Ye precious hours, ye moments ſnatch'd from death,
Replete with incenſe riſe;—that my chear'd ſoul,
When comes the ſolemn call, may ſpring away
Delighted to the boſom of its God!

Who ſhall condemn the truſt?—Proud Rational
(That deep in Speculation's wildering maze
Be-muſe themſelves with error, and confound
The Laws of Men, of Nature, and of Heav'n)
Preſumptuous in their wiſdom, dare dethrone
Even from his works the Maker; and contend,

That

That he who form'd it, governs not the World:
While, ſteep'd in Senſe's *Lethe*, Sons of Earth
From the World's partial picture gaily draw
Their mad concluſions. Bold, broad-ſtaring Vice,
Lull'd on the lap of every mundane bliſs,
At meek-eyed Virtue's patient ſuffering ſcoffs,
And dares with dauntleſs inſolence the GOD
Regardleſs of his votaries!—Vain and blind!
Alike thro' Wiſdom or thro' Folly blind—
Whoſe dim contracted view the petty round,
The mere horizon of the preſent hour
In darkneſs terminates! Oh could I ope
The golden portals of eternal day;
Pour on your ſight the congregated blaze
Of light, of wiſdom, burſting from the Throne
Of Univerſal Glory; on the round,
The boundleſs cycle of *His* moral plan,
Who, hid in clouds, terrific Maſter ſits
Of ſubject Men and Worlds; and ſees at once
The ample ſcene of Preſent, Future, Paſt,
All naked to his eye of Flame;—all rang'd

In

In harmony complete, to work His will,
And finiſh with the plaudit of the Skies!

But,—while this whelming blazon may not burſt
On the weak eyes of mortals: while confin'd
Thro' dark dim glaſs, with dark dim ſight to look
All trembling to the Future, and collect
The ſcatter'd rays of Wiſdom; while referr'd
Our infant Reaſon to the guiding hand
Of Faith ſtrong eyed, which never quits the view
Of JESUS, her great pole-ſtar; from whoſe Word,
Irradiate with the luſtre of his love,
She learns the mighty Maſter to explore
In all his works; and from the meaneſt taught
Beholds the GOD, the Father;—Scorn ye not,
My fellow-pilgrims, fellow heirs of Death,
And, oh triumphant thought!—my fellow-heirs
Of life immortal;—if, not ſold to Senſe,
And Infidelity's black cauſe, you caſt

Ungracious

Ungracious from yourſelves the proffer'd boon:
—Then ſcorn not, Oh my friends, when Heaven vouchſafes
To teach by meaneſt objects, reptiles, birds,—
To take one leſſon from a *Worm* like me!

Proof of a gracious Providence I live;—
To Him be all the glory! Of his care
Paternal, his ſupporting ſignal love,
I live each hour an argument. Away,
The ſyſtematic dullneſs of diſpute!
Away, each doating Reaſoner!—I feel,
Feel in my inmoſt heart the conſcious ſenſe,
The grateful preſſure of diſtinguiſh'd Grace,
And live, and only wiſh for life to praiſe it!

For ſay, my ſoul,—nor midſt this ſilence ſad,
This midnight, aweful, melancholy gloom,
Nor in this ſolemn moment of account
'Twixt thee and Heav'n,—when on his altar lies

A ſacrifice

A ſacrifice thy naked, bleeding heart!
Say, nor, ſelf-flattering, to thy conſcience hold
The mirror of Deceit;-----could'ſt thou have thought
Thy Nerves, thy Head, thy Heart, thy Frame, thy Senſe,
Sufficient to ſuſtain the ſudden ſhock,
Rude as a burſting earthquake, which at once
Topled thy happy edifice adown,
Whelm'd thee and thine beneath its ruinous craſh,
And buried all in ſorrow?---Torn away
Impetuous from thy Home, thy much-lov'd Home,
Without one moment to reflection giv'n!
By ſoothing, ſolemn promiſe led to place
Ingenuous all thy confidence of life
In Men, aſſuming gentle Pity's guiſe!
Vain confidence, in aught beneath the Sun!
Behold the Hour, the dreadful Hour arriv'd:
The Priſon opes its ruthleſs gates upon thee!

Oh Horror! But what's this, this freſh attack?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe! my weeping, fainting Wife!
" And haſt Thou, faithful, found me? Has thy
" love
" Thus burſt thro' every barrier?--Haſt thou trac'd
" —Depreſt in health, and timid as thou art—
" At midnight trac'd the deſolate wild ſtreets;
" Thus in a Priſon's gloom to throw thy arms
" Of conjugal endearment round the neck
" Of thy loſt Huſband?—Fate, exact thy worſt;
" The bitterneſs is paſt."—Idea vain!
To tenfold bitterneſs drench'd in my deep cup
Of gall the morning riſes! Statue-like,
Inanimate, half-dead, and fainting half,
To *ſtand a ſpectacle!*—the Prætor ſtern
Denying to my pleading tears one pang
Of human ſympathy! Conducted forth,
Amidſt th' unfeeling populace; purſued
Like ſome poor deer, which from the hunter's aim
Hath ta'en its deadly hurt; and glad to find—
Panting with woe,—my refuge in a Gaol!
Can miſery ſtretch more tight the torturing cord?

But

But hence this ſoftneſs! Wherefore thus lament
Theſe petty, poor eſcutcheons of thy fate,
When lies—— all worthy of thyſelf and Life,
Cold in the hearſe of Ruin?—Rather turn
Grateful thine eyes, and raiſe, tho' red with tears,
To *His* high throne, who looks on thy diſtreſs
With fatherly compaſſion; kindly throws
Sweet Comfort's mixture in thy cup; and ſoothes
With Gilead's balm thy death-wound. HE it is
Who, 'midſt the ſhock diſrupting, holds in health
Thy ſhatter'd frame, and keeps thy Reaſon clear:
HE, HE it is, whoſe pitying power ſupports
Thy humbled ſoul, deep humbled in the duſt,
Beneath the ſenſe of guilt; the mournful ſenſe
Of deep tranſgreſſion 'gainſt thy fellow-men,
Of ſad offence 'gainſt Him, thy Father-GOD;
Who, laviſh in his bounties, woo'd thy heart
With each paternal bleſſing;—ah ingrate,
And worthleſs! Yet——(His mercies who can
count,

Or truly ſpeak his praiſe?)—Yet thro' this gloom
Of ſelf-conviction lowly He vouchſafes
To dart a ray of comfort, like the Sun's
All-chearing thro' a ſummer's-evening ſhower!
Arch'd in his gorgeous ſky, I view the *Bow*,
Of *Grace* fix'd emblem! 'Tis that Grace alone
Which gives my ſoul its firmneſs;—builds my hope
Beyond the grave; and bids me ſpurn the earth!

First of all bleſſings, hail! Yet Thou, from whom—
Both firſt and laſt, both great and ſmall proceed;
Exhauſtleſs Source of every good to Man,
Accept for all, the tribute of my praiſe;
For all are thine!—Thine the ingenuous *Friends*,
Who ſolace with compaſſion ſweet my woe;
Mingle with mine their ſympathetic tears;
Inceſſant and diſintereſted toil
To work my weal; and, delicately kind,

Watch

Watch every keener ſenſibility
That lives about my ſoul. Oh, more than *Friends*,
In tenderneſs my *Children!*—Thine are too
The very *Keepers* of the rugged *Jail*,
—Ill ſchool to learn Humanity's ſoft lore!—
Yet here Humanity their duty pays,
Reſpectably affecting! Whilſt they tend
My little wants, officious in their zeal,
They turn away, and fain would hide the tear
That guſhes all unbidden from their eye,
And ſanctifies their ſervice.—On their heads
Thy bleſſing, LORD OF BOUNTY!——
——But, of all,
All the choice comforts in this drear diſtreſs,
GOD of our firſt young love! Thine is the WIFE,
Who with aſſiduous care, from night to morn,
From morn to night, watches my every need;
And, as in brighteſt days of peace and joy,
Smiles on my anguiſh, while her own poor breaſt
Is full almoſt to burſting! Proſtrate, LORD,

Before

Before thy footſtool——THOU, whoſe higheſt ſtyle
On Earth, in Heav'n, is *Love!*---THOU, who haſt breath'd
Thro' human hearts the tender charities,
The ſocial fond affections which unite
In bonds of ſweeteſt amity thoſe hearts,
And guide to every good!——THOU, whoſe kind eye
Complacent muſt behold the rich, ripe fruit,
Mature and mellow'd on the generous ſtock
Of thy own careful planting!---Low on earth,
And mingled with my native duſt, I cry;
With all the *Huſband*'s anxious fondneſs cry;
With all the *Friend*'s ſolicitude and truth;
With all the *Teacher*'s fervour;——"GOD OF
"LOVE,
"Vouchſafe thy choiceſt comforts on *her* head!
"Be thine my fate's deciſion: To thy Will
"With Angel-reſignation, lo! we bend!"

But

But hark! what ſound, wounding the Night's
dull ear,
Burſts ſudden on my ſenſe, and makes more hor-
rible
Theſe midnight horrors!—'Tis the ſolemn *Bell*,
Alarum to the Priſoners of Death! *—
Hark! what a groan, reſponſive from the Cells
Of Condemnation, calls upon my heart,
My thrilling heart, for interceſſion ſtrong,
And pleadings in the Sufferer's behalf—
My *Fellow-Sufferers*, and my *Fellow-Men!*

Ceaſe then awhile the ſtrain, my plaintive Soul,
And veil thy face of ſorrow! Lonely hours
Soon will return thee to thy midnight taſk,
For much remains to ſing; Sad themes, unſung,
As

* This alludes to a very ſtriking and aweful circumſtance. The Bellman of St. Sepulchre's, near the Priſon, is by long and pious cuſtom appointed to announce at Midnight to the condemned Criminals in their Cells, "That the hour of their departure is at "Hand!"

As deem'd perchance too mournful;—yet, what
else
Than themes like theſe, can ſuit a Muſe like mine!
—And might it be, that while ingenuous woe
Bleeds thro' my verſe; while the ſucceeding page
Weaving with my ſad ſtory the detail
Of Crimes, of Puniſhments, of Priſons drear,
Of preſent Life and future---ſad diſcourſe
And ſerious ſhall contain; Oh might it be,
That human hearts may liſten and improve!
Oh might it be, that benefit to Souls
Flow from the weeping tablet: tho' the *Man*
In torture die,——the *Painter* ſhall rejoice!

Sunday, March 2, 1777.

END OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1777.

WEEK THE SECOND.

THE RETROSPECT.

OH, not that thou goeſt hence---ſweet, droop-
ing flower,
Surcharg'd with Sorrow's dew!---Not that thou
quitt'ſt
This pent and feveriſh gloom; which beams with
light,
With health, with comfort, by thy preſence chear'd,
Companion of my life, and of my woes

Bleſt ſoother! Not that thou goeſt hence to drink
A purer air, and gather from the breath
Of balmy Spring new ſuccour, to recruit
Thy waning health, and aid thee to ſuſtain,
With more than manly fortitude, thy own
And my afflictive Trials! Not that here,
Amidſt the glories of this genial day,
Immur'd, thro' iron bars I peep at Heaven,
With dim, lack-luſtre eye!---Oh, 'tis not *this*
That drives the poiſon'd point of torturous Thought
Deep to my ſpring of life! It is not this
That proſtrate lays me weeping in the duſt,
And draws in ſobs the life-blood from my heart!

Well could I bear thy Abſence: well, full well;
Tho' Angel-comforts in thy converſe ſmile,
And make my dungeon Paradiſe!---Full well
Could I ſuſtain thro' iron bars to view
The golden Sun, in bridegroom-majeſty

Taking

Taking benignant Nature to his love,
And decking her with bounties! Well, very well
Could I forego the delicate delight
Of tracing Nature's germens, as they bud;
Of viewing Spring's firſt children, as they riſe
In innocent ſweetneſs, or beneath the thorn
In rural privacy; or on gay parterre
More artful, leſs enchanting!—Well, very well
Could I forego to liſten,—in this houſe
Of unremitted din,—and nought complain;
To liſten, as I oft have ſtood with Thee
Liſtening in fond endearment to the voice
Of Stock-dove, thro' the ſilence of the wood
Hoarſe murmuring:—Well, oh well could I forego
Theſe innocent, tho' exquiſite delights,
Still new, and to my boſom ſtill attuned
In moral, mental melody!—Sweet SPRING!
Well could I bear this ſad exile from Thee,

Nor

Nor drop one tear reluctant: for my soul,
Strong to superior feelings soars aloft
To eminence of misery!—Confin'd
On this bless'd day—the Sabbath of my God!
——Not from his *House* alone, not from the power
Of joyful worship with assembling Crouds*,
But from the *labours* once so amply mine,
The *labours* of his love. Now, laid aside,
Cover'd my head with ignominious dust,
My voice is stopp'd! and had I even the power,
Strong shame, and stronger grief would to that voice
Forbid all utterance!—Ah, thrice hapless voice,
By Heaven's own finger all-indulgent tuned
To touch the heart, and win th' attentive soul
To love of Truth Divine: how useless now,
How

* See Psalm lxxxiv.

How diſſonant, unſtrung!—Like *Salem*'s harps,
Once fraught with richeſt harmony of praiſe,
Hung in ſad ſilence by *Euphrates*' ſtream,
Upon the mournful willows! There they wept,
Thy captive people wept—O GOD!—when
Thought
To bitter memory recall'd the ſongs,
The dulcet ſongs of *Sion*! Oh bleſt ſongs,
Tranſporting chorus of united hearts,
In chearful muſic mounting to the praiſe
Of Sion's King of Glory!—Oh the joy
Tranſcendant, of petitions wing'd aloft
With fervour irreſiſtible from throngs
Aſſembled in thy earthly Courts, dread King
Of all-dependant Nature!—looking up
For all to THEE, as do the Servants' eyes
Up to their foſtering Maſter! Joy of joys,
Amidſt ſuch throng'd aſſemblies to ſtand forth,
To blow the Silver Trumpet of thy Grace;
The gladſome year of Jubilee to proclaim,

And

And offer to the aching Sinner's heart
REDEMPTION's healing mercies! And methinks
(—Indulge the pleaſing reverie, my ſoul!
The waking dream, which in oblivion ſweet
Lulls thy o'erlabour'd ſenſe!) methinks, convey'd
To HAM's lov'd ſhades,—dear favourite ſhades, by Peace
And pure Religion ſanctified,—I hear
The tuneful bells their hallow'd meſſage ſound
To Chriſtian hearts ſymphonious! Circling Time
Once more hath happily brought round the day,
Which calls us to the Temple of our GOD:
Then let us haſte, in decent neatneſs clad,
My cheerful little Houſehold, to His Courts,
So lov'd, ſo truly honour'd! There we'll mix
In meek, ingenuous *Deprecation's* cry:
There we'll unite in full *Thankſgiving's* choir,
And all the rich melodiouſneſs of praiſe.

I feel, I feel the rapture! *David's* harp
Concordant with a thouſand voices ſounds:

Prayer

Prayer mounts exulting: Man aſcends the ſkies
On wings of Angel-fervour! Holy writ
Or ſpeaks the wonders of JEHOVAH's power,
Or tells, in more than mortal majeſty,
The greater wonders of his LOVE *to Man!*
Proofs of that love, ſee where the myſtic Signs,
High emblems of unutterable Grace,
Confirm to Man the zeal of Heaven to ſave,
And call to Gratitude's beſt office!

——————Wiſe
In all thy ſacred inſtitutions, LORD,
Thy SABBATHS with peculiar wiſdom ſhine;
Firſt and high argument, Creation done,
Of thy benign ſolicitude for Man,
Thy chiefeſt, favourite creature. Time is thine:
How juſt to claim a part, who giv'ſt the whole!
But oh, how gracious, to aſſign that part
To Man's ſupreme behoof, his ſoul's beſt good;
His moral and his mental benefit;
His body's genial comfort! Savage elſe,

Untaught,

Untaught, undiſciplin'd, in ſhaggy pride
He'd rov'd the wild, amidſt the brutes a brute,
Ferocious; to the ſoft civilities
Of cultivated life, Religion, Truth,
A barbarous ſtranger. To thy *Sabbaths* then
All hail, wiſe *Legiſlator!* 'Tis to theſe
We owe at once the memory of thy works,
Thy mighty works of Nature and of Grace;---
We owe divine RELIGION; and to theſe
The decent comlineſs of Social Life.

Revere, ye earthly Magiſtrates, who wield
The Sword of Heaven,---the wiſdom of Heaven's plan,
And ſanctify the *Sabbaths* of your GOD!
Religion's ALL: With that or ſtands or falls
Your Country's weal! But where ſhall ſhe obtain
---RELIGION, ſainted Pilgrim,---ſhelter ſafe,
Or honourable greeting;---thro' the land,
If led by high and low, in giddy dance,

Mad

Mad *Prophanation* on the ſacred day
Of God's appointed reſt, her revel-rout
Inſulting heads, and leaves the Temple void?
—Oh, my lov'd Country! oh, ye thoughtleſs Great,
Intoxicate with draughts, that opium-like
For tranſient moments ſtupify the mind,
To wake in horrors, and confuſion wild!—

But ſoft, and *know thyſelf!* 'Tis not for *Thee*,
Poor Deſtitute! thus groveling in the duſt
Of ſelf-annihilation, to aſſume
The Cenſor's office, and reprove mankind.
Ah me,—*thy* day of duty is declin'd!
Thou rather, to the quick probe thine own wounds;
And plead for mercy at the Judgment-ſeat,
Where Conſcience ſmites thee for th' offence de-plor'd.

Yet not presumptuous deem it, Arbiter
Of human thoughts, that through the long, long gloom
Of multiplied transgressions, I behold
Complacent smiling on my sickening Soul,
" Delight in thy lov'd *Sabbaths!*" Well Thou know'st—
For Thou know'st all things,—that the chearful sound
Of that blest day's return, for circling weeks,
For months, for years, for more than thrice seven years,
Was music to my heart! My feet rejoic'd
To bear me to thy Temples, haply fraught
With Comfort's tidings; with thy Gospel's truth,
The Gospel of thy Peace! Oh, well Thou know'st,
Who knowest all things, with what welcome toil,
What pleasing assiduity I search'd
Thy heavenly Word, to learn thy heavenly Will;
That faithful I might minister its truth,

And

And of the high Commiſſion nought keep back
From the great Congregation * ! Well Thou know'ſt,
—Sole, ſacred witneſs of my private hours,—
How copiouſly I bath'd with pleading tears,
How earneſtly in prayer conſign'd to Thee
The humble efforts of my trembling pen;
My beſt, *weak* efforts in my Maſter's cauſe;
Weak as the feather 'gainſt the giant's ſhield,
Light as the goſmer floating on the wind,
Without thine aid omnipotent! Thou know'ſt,
How, anxious to improve in every grace,
That beſt to Man's attention might commend
Th' important meſſage, ſtudious I applied
My feeble talents to the holy art
Of ſuaſive Elocution; emulous
Of every acquiſition which might clothe
In pureſt dignity the pureſt work,
The firſt, the higheſt office man can bear;

"The

* Pſalm xl. 10.

"The MESSENGER of GOD!" And well Thou know'st,
—For all the *work*, as all the *praise* is Thine—
What sweet success accompanied the toil;
What harvests bless'd the seed-time! Well Thou know'st,
With what triumphant gladness my rapt Soul
Wrought in the vineyard! how it thankful bore
The noon-day's heat, the evening's chilly frost,
Exulting in its much-lov'd Master's cause
To *spend, and to be spent!* and bring in home
From *triple* labours of the well-toil'd day,
A body by fatigue o'erborne; a mind
Replete with glad emotions to its GOD!

Ah my lov'd Houshold! ah my little round
Of social Friends! well do ye bear in mind
Those pleasing evenings, when, on my return,
Much-wish'd return—Serenity the mild,
And Chearfulness the innocent, with me

Enter'd

Enter'd the happy dwelling! Thou, my ERNST,
Ingenuous Youth! whose early spring bespoke
Thy summer, as it is, with richest crops
Luxuriant waving; gentle Youth, canst Thou
Those welcome hours forget? Or *Thou*—oh THOU!
—How shall I utter from my beating heart
Thy name, so musical, so heavenly sweet
Once to these ears-distracted?—STANHOPE, say,
Canst THOU forget those hours, when, cloth'd in smiles
Of fond respect, Thou and thy Friend have strove
Whose little hands should readiest supply
My willing wants; officious in your zeal
To make the *Sabbath-evenings*, like the *day*,
A scene of sweet composure to my Soul *!

Oh happy *Sabbaths!* Oh my Soul's delight!
Oh days of matchless mercy! matchless praise!
Gone, gone, for ever gone! How dreadful spent.
Useless

* Good Friday, Easter, &c. once so peculiarly happy——yet how past here!--What a sad Want of the Spirit of Reformation!

Uſeleſs, in tears, and groans, and bitter woe,
In this wild place of horrors *!—Oh, return,
Ye happy *Sabbaths*!—or to that lov'd realm
Diſmiſs me, Father of Compaſſions, where
Reigns one eternal Sabbath! Tho' my voice,
Feeble at beſt, be damp'd, and cannot ſoar
To ſtrains ſublime, beneath the ſorrowing ſenſe
Of baſe Ingratitude to thee, my GOD,
My Father, Benefactor, Saviour, Friend;—
Yet in that realm of reſt, 'twill quickly catch
Congenial harmony! 'twill quickly riſe
Even from *Humility*'s weak, trembling touch;
Riſe with the glowing Seraph in the choir,
And ſtrive to be the loudeſt in thy praiſe.

Too ſoaring thought! that, in a moment ſunk
By ſad reflection, and convicting guilt,
Falls

* Boethius has a Reflection highly applicable to the ſenſe of our Author:—"Nec inficiari poſſum proſperitatis meæ velociſſimum curſum. Sed hoc eſt, quod recolentem me vehementius coquit. Nam in omni adverſitate Fortunæ, infeliciſſimum Genus eſt Infortunii, fuiſſe felicem." De Conſol. L. 2. Proſ. 4.

Falls proſtrate on the earth.—So, pois'd in air,
And warbling his wild notes above the clouds,
Almoſt beyond the ken of human ſight;
Clapp'd to his ſide his plumy ſteerage, down
Drops—inſtantaneous drops the ſilent Lark!
—How ſhall *I* mount to Heav'n? how join the choir
Celeſtial of bright Seraphim? Depreſt
Beneath the burden of a thouſand ſins,
On what bleſt dove-like wing ſhall I ariſe,
And fly to the wiſh'd *reſt*?

—Of counſel free,
Some to my aching heart, with kind intent,
Offer the poiſonous balſam of *deſert*;
"Bid me take comfort from the chearing view
"Of deeds benevolent, and active life
"Spent for the weal of others!" Syren ſongs,
Soon huſh'd by howlings of ſevere REPROACH,
Unfeeling, uncompaſſionate, and rude,
Which o'er my body, panting on the earth,

With

With wounds incurable insulting whirls
Her iron scourge; accumulates each ill,
That can to Man's best fame damnation add:
Spies not one mark of white throughout my life;
And, groaning o'er my anguish, to *Despair*,
As my sole, sad resource, indignant points!

But not from *You*,—ah cruel, callous Foes,
Thus to exult, and press a fallen Man;—
Nor even from *You*, tho' kind, mistaken Friends,
Admit we counsel here. Too deep the stake,
Too awful the inquiry—how the Soul
May smile at Death, and meet its God in peace—
To rest the answer on uncertain Man!
Alike above your friendship or your hate,
Here, here I tower triumphant! and behold
At once confirm'd security and joy,
Beyond the reach of mortal hand to shake,
Or for a moment cloud.——Hail, bleeding *Love*!
In thy humiliation deep and dread,
Divine Philanthropist, my ransom'd soul

Beholds

Beholds its triumph, and avows its cure!
Its perfect, free ſalvation! Knows or feels
No merit, no dependance, but thy Faith,
Thy Hope and Love conſummate! All abjures;
Caſts all,—each care, each burden, at the foot
Of thy victorious Croſs: Its heart and life
One wiſh, one word uniting—ever may
That wiſh and word in me, Bleſt LORD unite!—
"Oh ever may in me Thy will be done!"

Firm and unſhaken, as old Sion's Hill,
Remains this ſure Foundation: Who on CHRIST,
The Corner-Stone, build faithful, build ſecure:
Eternity is theirs. Then talk no more,
Ye airy, vague, fantaſtic Reaſoners,
Of the light ſtubble, crackling in the fire
Of God's inveſtigation; of the chaff
Diſpers'd and floating 'fore the ſlighteſt wind,—
The chaff of *human merit!* Gracious GOD!
What pride, what contradiction in the term?

Shall Man, vain Man, dreſt in a little power
Deriv'd from Nature's Author; and that power
Holding, an humble tenant, at the will
Of Him who freely gave it; HIS high will,
The dread Supreme Diſpoſer: Shall poor Man,
A beggar indigent and vile,—enrich'd
With every precious faculty of ſoul,
Of Reaſon, intellect; with every gift
Of animal life luxuriant—from the ſtore
Of unexhauſted bounty; ſhall he turn
That bounty to abuſe? laviſh defy
The Giver with his gifts,—a rebel baſe!
And yet, preſumptuous, arrogant, deceived,
Aſſume a pride for actions not his own;
Or boaſt of merit, when his All's for GOD,
And he that All has ſquander'd! Pureſt Saints,
Brighteſt Archangels, in the choir of Heaven,
Fulfilling all complete his Holy Will,
Who plac'd them high in glory as they ſtand
Fulfil but *Duty!* Nay, as owing more

From

From love's ſupreme diſtinction, readier veil
Their radiant faces with their golden plumes;
And fall more humbled 'fore the Throne they hymn
With gratitude ſuperior. Could bold Pride
One Moment whiſper to their lucid ſouls
Deſert's intollerable Folly,—down
Like *Lucifer*, the Morning-ſtar, they'd fall
From their bright ſtate obſcur'd! Then, proud, poor worm,
Conceiv'd in ſins, offending from thy youth,
In every point tranſgreſſor of the Law
Of Righteouſneſs; of MERIT towards GOD
Dream, if thou canſt; or madman if thou art,
Stand on that plea for Heav'n,—and be undone!

Bleſt be thy tender mercy, GOD of Grace!
That midſt the terrors of this trying Hour,
When in this midnight, lonely, priſon-gloom,
My inmoſt ſoul hangs naked to thy view;

When,

When, undiſſembled in the ſearch, I fain
Would know, explore, and balance every thought
(For oh, I ſee Eternity's dread Gates
Expand before me, ſoon perhaps to cloſe!)
Bleſt be thy Mercy, that, ſubdued to Thee,
Each lofty vain imagination bows;
Each high idea humbled in the duſt,
Of ſelf-ſufficient righteouſneſs my Soul
Diſclaims, abhors, with Reprobation full
The ſlighteſt apprehenſion!—Worthleſs, LORD!
Even of the meaneſt Crumb beneath thy Board.

Bleſt be thy Mercy, that, ſo far from *due*,
I own thy Bounties, manifold and rich,
Upon my Soul have laid a Debt ſo deep,
That I can never pay!—And oh! I feel
Compunction inexpreſſible, to think
How I have us'd thoſe Bounties! Sackcloth-clad,
And cover'd o'er with aſhes, I deplore

My

My utter worthleſsneſs; and trembling own,
Thy Wrath and juſt Diſpleaſure well might ſink
In deeper floods than theſe, that o'er my head
Roar horrible,—in fiery floods of woe,
That know nor end nor reſpite! But, my God,
Bleſt be thy Mercy ever! Thou'ſt not left
My Soul to deſperation's dark diſmay!
On *Calvary*'s Hill my mourning eye diſcerns
With Faith's clear view that *Spectacle*, which Wipes
Each tear away, and bids the heart exult!
There hangs the *Love of God!* There hangs of Man
The *Ranſom*; there the *Merit*; there the *Cure*
Of human Griefs—The *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life!*

Oh Thou, for ſin burnt-ſacrifice complete!
Oh Thou, of holy Life th' exemplar bright!
Perfection's lucid Mirrour! while to Thee

Repentance

Repentance ſcarce dare liſt her flowing eyes,
Though in his ſtrong Arms manly Faith ſupports
The ſelf-convicted mourner!—Let not LOVE,
Source of thy matchleſs mercies, aught delay,
Like *Mary*, with Humility's meek hand
Her precious box of coſtly Nard to pour
On thy dear Feet: diffuſing thro' the Houſe
The odour of her Unguents! Let not LOVE,
Looking with Gratitude's full Eye to Thee,
Ceaſe with the hallow'd fragrance of her works
To cheer the lowlieſt Members; to refreſh
THEE in thy *Saints* afflicted! Let not LOVE
Ceaſe with each ſpiritual Grace, each Temper mild,
Fruits of thy Holy Spirit,—to enrich,
To fill, perfume and ſanctify the Soul,
Aſſimilate to Thee, ſweet JESU! Thee
That Soul's immortal Habitant. How bleſt
How beyond value rich the privilege,
To welcome ſuch a Gueſt! How doubly bleſt
With ſuch a ſignature,—the Royal Stamp

Of

Of thy Reſemblance, Prince of Righteouſneſs,
Of Mercy, Peace and Truth! Oh more and more
Transform me to that Image! More and more,
Thou New Creation's Author, form, complete
In *me* the Birth divine; the heavenly Mind,
The Love conſummate,—all-performing Love,
Which dwelt in Thee, its Pattern and its Source;
And is to *Man*, happy regenerate Man,
Heaven's ſureſt *Foretaſte*, and its *Earneſt* too.

The thought delights and chears, tho' not elates:
Through Penſive Meditation's ſable gloom
It darts a ray of ſoft, well-temper'd light,
A kind of lunar radiance on my Soul,
Gentle, not dazzling! Thou, who knoweſt all,
Know'ſt well, thrice gracious *Maſter!* that my heart
Attun'd to thy dear Love,—howe'er ſeduc'd
By worldly adulation from its Vows,

And

And for a few contemptible, contemn'd
Unhappy moments faithleſs; Well thou know'ſt
That Heart ne'er knew true Peace, but in thy Love:
That Heart hath in thy Love known thorough Peace;
Hath frequent panted for that Love's full growth;
And ſought occaſions to diſplay its Warmth
By Deeds of Kindneſs, mild Humanity,
And pitying Mercy to its Fellow-Men!

And Thou haſt bleſt me! and I will rejoice
That thou haſt bleſt me! Thou haſt giv'n my Soul
The Luxury of Luxuries, to wipe
The tear from many an eye; to ſtop the groan
At many an aching heart. And Thou wilt wipe
The tears from mine, and Thou the groan repreſs:

And

And Thou——for oh, this beating Heart is thine,
Fram'd by thy Hand to Pity's quickeſt touch,—
Thou wilt forgive the *Sinner*; and beſtow
Mercy, ſweet Mercy! which, inſpired by Thee,
He never had the power, and ne'er the Will
To hold from others, where he could beſtow!

Shall he then reſt happily ſecure
Of Mercy, thrice-bleſt Mercy from Mankind?
Where reſts it?—*Reſignation*'s meek-ey'd power
Suſtain me ſtill! Compoſure ſtill be mine:
Where reſts it?—Oh myſterious Providence!
Silence the wild Idea:—I have found
No Mercy yet; no mild humanity:
With cruel unrelenting rigour torn,
And, loſt in Priſon, wild to all below!

So from his daily toil returning late
O'er *Griſon*'s rugged mountains, clad in ſnow,
The Peaſant with aſtoniſh'd eyes beholds
A gaunt Wolf, from the pine-grove howling ruſh!

Chill horror ſtiffens him, alike to fly
Unable, or reſiſt: The monſter feeds
Blood-happy, growling, on his quivering heart!
Mean while light blazes in his lonely Cott
The crackling hearth; his careful wife prepares
Her humble cates; and thro' the lattic'd light
His little ones, expecting his return,
Peep, anxious! Ah poor victim, he nor hearth
Bright blazing, nor the houſewife's humble cates,
Nor much-loved children henceforth more ſhall
ſee!

But ſoft: 'Tis calm Reflection's midnight hour;
'Tis the Soul's ſolemn inqueſt. Broods a thought
Reſentful in thy boſom? Art thou yet,
Penitent Pilgrim on Earth's utmoſt Bourn,
And Candidate for Heaven,—art thou yet
In LOVE imperfect? and has Malice place,
With dark Revenge, and unforgiving Hate,
Hell's blackeſt offspring?—Glory to my God!
With triumph let me ſing, and cloſe my Strain;

Abhorrent

Abhorrent ever from my earlieſt Youth
Of theſe deteſted paſſions, in this Hour,
This trying Hour of keen oppreſſive Grief,
My ſoul ſuperior riſes; nor of theſe
Malevolent, a touch, the ſlighteſt touch
Feels, or ſhall ever harbour! Tho' it feels
In all their amplitude, with all their weight
Ungentleſt treatment, and a load of woe;
Heavy as that, which fabling Poets lay
On proud *Enceladus!* Tho' life be drawn
By Cruelty's fierce hand down to the lees;
Yet can my heart, with all the truth of Prayer,
With all the fervour of ſincere deſire,
Looking at Thee, thou Love of God and Man!
Yet can my heart in life or death implore,
Father, forgive Them, as Thou pitieſt me!

Oh where's the wonder, when thy *Croſs* is ſeen!
Oh where's the wonder, when thy *Voice* is heard;

Harmonious

Harmonious interceſſion! SON OF GOD.
Oh where's the wonder—or the *Merit* where,
Or what's the *Taſk* to love-attuned ſouls—
Poor fellow-creatures pitying, to implore
Forgiveneſs for them? Oh forgive my foes!
Beſt Friends, perchance, for they may bring to
THEE!—
Complete forgiveneſs on them, God of Grace!
Complete forgiveneſs, in the dreadful hour,
When moſt they need forgiveneſs! And oh ſuch
As, in that dreadful hour, my poor Heart wants,
And truſts, great Father! to receive from *Thee*,
Such full Forgiveneſs grant;—and my glad ſoul
Shall fold them then, *my Brethren*, in thy Houſe!

Thus do I ſoothe, and while away with ſong
My lonely hours; in drear confinement paſt,
Like thee, oh gallant RALEIGH!—or like theo
My hapleſs Anceſtor, fam'd OVERBURY!—
But Oh, in this how different is our fate!
Thou, to a vengeful Woman's ſubtle wiles

A hapleſs

A hapleſs Victim fall'ſt; while my deep gloom
Brighten'd by Female Virtue, and the light
Of conjugal affection—leads me oft,
Like the poor priſon'd Linnet, to forget
Freedom, and tuneful Friends, and ruſſet Heath,
Vocal with native melody; to ſwell
The feeble throat, and chaunt the lowly ſtrain;
As in the ſeaſon, when from ſpray to ſpray
Flew *Liberty* on light elaſtic wing.
She flies no more:—Be mute, my plaintive Lyre!

March 15, 1777.

END OF THE SECOND WEEK.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

MARCH 18, 1777.

WEEK THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.

VAIN are thy generous efforts, worthy BULL *,
Thy kind compaſſions vain! The hour is come:
Stern Fate demands compliance: I muſt paſs
Thro' various deaths, keen torturing, to arrive
At

* Frederick Bull, Eſq; Alderman of London; to whoſe kindneſs and humanity the Author has expreſſed the higheſt obligations.

At That my heart ſo fervently implores;
Yet fruitleſs. Ah! why hides He his fell Front
From woe, from wretchedneſs, that with glad ſmiles
Would welcome his approach; and Tyrant-like,
Delights to daſh the jocund roſeate cup
From the full hand of gaudy Luxury,
And unſuſpecting Eaſe!—Far worſe than Death
That *Priſon*'s Entrance, whoſe Idea chills
With freezing horror all my curdling Blood;
Whoſe very *Name*, ſtamping with infamy,
Makes my Soul frighted ſtart, in phrenzy whirl'd,
And verging near to Madneſs! See, they ope
Their iron Jaws! See, the vaſt Gates expand,
Gate after Gate—and in an inſtant twang,
Clos'd by their growling Keepers:—When again,
Myſterious Powers!—oh when to open on me?
Mercy, ſweet Heaven! Support my faltering
ſteps,
Support my ſickening heart! My full eyes ſwim;
O'er all my frame diſtills a cold damp ſweat.

Hark—

Hark—what a rattling din! On every ſide
The congregated chains clank frightful:—Throngs
Tumultuous preſs around, to view, to gaze
Upon the wretched ſtranger; ſcarce believ'd
Other than *Viſitor* within ſuch walls,
With Mercy, and with Freedom in his hands.
Alas, how chang'd!—Sons of Confinement, ſee
No pitying *Deliverer*; but a Wretch
O'erwhelm'd with Miſery; more hapleſs far
Than the moſt hapleſs 'mongſt ye; loaded hard
With Guilt's oppreſſive Irons! *His* are chains
No time can looſen, and no hand unbind:
Fetters, which gore the Soul. Oh Horror,
Horror!
Ye maſſive bolts, give way: Ye ſullen doors,
Ah, open quick! and from this clamorous rout,
Cloſe in my diſmal, lone, allotted room
Shrowd me;—for ever ſhrowd from human ſight,
And make it, if 'tis poſſible, my Grave!

How

How truly welcome, then! Then would I greet
With hallow'd joy the drear, but bleſt abode;
And deem it far the happieſt I have known,
The beſt I e'er inhabited. But, alas!
There's no ſuch mercy for me. I muſt run
Miſery's extremeſt round; and this muſt be
A-while my living grave! the doleful tomb,
Sad ſounding with my unremitted groans,
And moiſten'd with the bitterneſs of tears!

Ah, mournful dwelling! deſtin'd ne'er to ſee
The human face divine in placid ſmiles,
And innocent gladneſs cloath'd: deſtin'd to hear
No ſounds of genial, heart-reviving Joy!
The Sons of Sorrow only are thy gueſts,
And thine the only muſic of their ſighs,
Thick ſobbing from the tempeſt of their breaſts
Ah, mournful dwelling! never haſt thou ſeen,
Amidſt the numerous wretched-ones immur'd
Within thy ſtone-girt compaſs, Wretch ſo ſunk,
So loſt, ſo ruin'd, as the man who falls

Thus, in deep anguiſh, on thy ruthleſs floor,
And bathes it with the torrent of his tears!

And can it be? or is it all a dream?
A vapour of the mind?—I ſcarce believe
Myſelf awake or acting. Sudden thus
Am *I*—ſo compaſs'd round with comforts late,
Health, Freedom, Peace! torn, torn from all, and loſt!
A Priſoner in —— Impoſſible! I ſleep:
'Tis Fancy's coinage; 'tis a dream's deluſion.

Vain dream! vain Fancy! Quickly am I rous'd
To all the dire reality's diſtreſs:
I tremble, ſtart, and *feel* myſelf awake,
Dreadfully awake to all my woes; and roll
From wave to wave on Sorrow's ocean toſt!

Oh for a *moment's* pauſe,—a moment's reſt,
To calm my hurried ſpirits! to recall
Reflection's ſtaggering pilot to the helm,
And ſtill the madd'ning whirlwind in my ſoul!

—It

—It *cannot* be! The din encreaſes round:
Rough voices rage diſcordant; dreadful ſhrieks!
Hoarſe imprecations dare the Thunderer's ire,
And call down ſwift damnation! Thouſand chains
In diſmal notes clink, *mirthful!* Roaring burſts
Of loud obſtreperous laughter, and ſtrange choirs
Of gutturals, diſſonant and rueful, vex
E'en the dull ear of Midnight! Neither reſt,
Nor peaceful calm, nor ſilence, of the mind
Refreſhment ſweet! nor interval or pauſe
From morn to eve, from eve to morn is found
Amidſt the ſurges of this troubled ſea *!

So, from the *Leman Lake* th' impetuous *Rhone*
His blue waves puſhes rapid; and bears down
(Furiate

* It is but a juſt tribute to Mr. Akerman, the keeper of this diſmal place, to obſerve, that all the evils here enumerated are the immediate conſequences of promiſcuous confinement, and no way chargeable to Mr. A.'s account. It is from the ſtricteſt obſervation I am perſuaded, that no man could do more in the preſent circumſtances. His attention is great, and his kindneſs and humanity to thoſe in ſickneſs or afflictions peculiarly pleaſing. I can bear teſtimony to many ſignal inſtances, which I have remarked ſince my ſad confinement.

(Furiate to meet fair *Saone*'s pellucid ſtream,
With roar tremendous, through the craggy
ſtreights
Of Alpine rocks) his freight of waters wild!
Still ruſhing in perturbed eddies on;
And ſtill, from hour to hour, from age to age,
In conflux vaſt and unremitting, pours
His boiſterous flood to old *Lugdunum*'s walls!

Oh my rack'd brain!—oh my diſtracted heart!
The tumult thickens: wild diſorder grows
More painfully confus'd!——And can it be?
Is *this* the manſion—*this* the Houſe ordain'd
For Recollection's ſolemn purpoſe?---*This*
The place from whence full many a flitting ſoul
(The work of deep *Repentance*—mighty work,
Still, ſtill to be perform'd) muſt mount to GOD,
And give its dread account! Is *this* the place
Ordain'd by Juſtice, to confine a-while
The foe to civil order, and return

Reform'd

Reform'd and moraliz'd to ſocial life!
This Den of drear confuſion, wild uproar,
Of mingled Riot, and unbluſhing Vice!
This ſchool of Infamy! from whence, improv'd
In every hardy villainy, returns
More hardened, more a foe to GOD and Man,
The miſcreant, nurs'd in its infectious lap;
All cover'd with its peſtilential ſpots,
And breathing death and poiſon whereſoe'er
He ſtalks contagious! from the lion's den
A lion more ferocious, as confin'd!

Britons, while ſailing in the golden barge
Of giddy Diſſipation, on the ſtream,
Smooth ſilver ſtream of gorgeous Luxury
Boaſt gaily—and for Ages may they boaſt,
And truly! for thro' Ages we may truſt
'Twill interpoſe between our crimes and GOD,
And turn away his juſt avenging ſcourge—
"The National Humanity!" Hither then,

Ye Sons of Pity, and ye Sons of Thought!
Whether by public zeal, and patriot love,
Or by Compaſſion's gentle ſtirrings wrought;
Oh hither come, and find ſufficient ſcope
For all the *Patriot*'s, all the *Chriſtian*'s ſearch!
Some great, ſome ſalutary plan to frame,
Turning confinement's curſes into good;
And, like the God who but rebukes to ſave,
Extracting comfort from Correction's ſtroke!

Why do we *puniſh?* Why do penal laws
Coercive, by tremendous ſanctions bind
Offending Mortals?—Juſtice on her throne
Rigid on this hand to EXAMPLE points;
More mild to REFORMATION upon that:
—She balances, and finds no ends but theſe.

Crowd then, along with yonder revel-rout,
To EXEMPLARY Puniſhment! and mark
The language of the multitude, obſcene,

Wild,

Wild, blaſphemous and cruel! Tent their Looks
Of madding, drunken, thoughtleſs, ruthleſs gaze,
Or giddy curioſity and vain!
Their Deeds ſtill more emphatic, note; and ſee,
By the ſad ſpectacle unimpreſs'd, they dare
Even in the eye of death, what to their doom
Brought their expiring Fellows! Learn we hence,
How to EXAMPLE's ſalutary end
Our Juſtice ſagely miniſters! But one,—
Should there be *one*—thrice hapleſs,—of a mind
By guilt unhardened, and above the throng
Of deſperate miſcreants, thro' repeated crimes
In ſtupor lull'd, and loſt to every ſenſe;—
Ah me, the ſad reverſe!—ſhould there be *one*
Of generous feelings; whom remorſeleſs Fate,
Pallid Neceſſity, or chill Diſtreſs,
The Family's urgent call, or juſt demand
Of honeſt Creditor,—(ſolicitudes
To reckleſs, pamper'd worldlings all unknown)
Should there be *one*, whoſe trembling, frighted
hand

Cauſes

Cauſes like theſe in temporary guilt,
Abhorrent to his inmoſt ſoul, have plung'd,
And made obnoxious to the rigid Law!
Sentenc'd to pay,—and, wearied with its weight,
Well-pleas'd to pay with *life* that Law's demand!
Aweful Diſpenſers of ſtrict Juſtice, ſay,
Would you have more than *life?* or, in an Age,
A Country, where Humanity reverts
At Torture's bare idea, would you tear
Worſe than on racking wheels a Soul like This;
And make him to the ſtupid Crowd a gaze
For ling'ring hours? drag him along to death
An uſeleſs ſpectacle; and more than *ſlay*
Your living victim?—DEATH is your demand:
DEATH your Law's ſentence: Then his *Life* is yours.
Take the juſt forfeit: you can claim no more!

Foe to thy *Infidelity*,—and griev'd
That *He* avows not, from the *Chriſtian* ſource,
The firſt great Chriſtian *Duty*, which ſo well,

So

So forcibly He paints!—Yet let me greet
With heart-felt gratulations thy warm zeal,
Succeſsful in that ſacred duty's cauſe,
The cauſe of our *Humanity*, VOLTAIRE!
Torture's vile Agents tremble at thy pen:
Intolerance and *Perſecution* gnaſh
Their Teeth, deſpairing, at the lucid rays
Of Truth, all prevalent, beaming from thy page.
The Rack, the Wheel, the Dungeon, and the Flame,
In happier EUROPE uſeleſs and unknown,
Shall ſoon,—oh ſpeed the hour, *Compaſſion's God!*
Be ſeen no more; or ſeen as prodigies
Scarce credited, of Gothic barbarous times.

Ah gallant FRANCE! for milder manners fam'd;
How wrung it my ſad Soul, to view expos'd
On inſtruments of torture mangled limbs,

And bleeding Carcaſes, beſide thy roads,
Thy beauteous woods and avenues! Fam'd works,
And worthy well the grandeur of Old Rome!

We too, who boaſt of gentler Laws, reform'd
And civiliz'd by Liberty's kind hand;
Of Mercy boaſt, and mildeſt puniſhments;
Yet puniſhments of Torture exquiſite,
And idle;—painful, ruinous parade!
We too, with *Europe* humaniz'd, ſhall drop
The barbarous ſeverity of Death,
Example's Bane, not Profit;—ſhall abridge
The ſavage, baſe Ovation; ſhall aſſign
The Wretch, whoſe Life is forfeit to the Laws,
With all the ſilent dignity of woe,
With all the mournful Majeſty of Death,
Retir'd and ſolemn, to his awful fate!
Shall to the dreadful moment, dreadful ſtill
To Souls beſt fitted, give diſtinction due;

Teach

Teach the well-order'd Sufferer to depart
With each impreſſion ſerious; nor inſult
With clamorous Crowds, and exultations baſe,
A Soul, a Fellow-Soul; which ſtands prepar'd
On Time's dread verge to take its wond'rous flight
To Realms of Immortality! Yes, the day
—I joy in the idea,—will arrive,
When *Britons* philanthropic ſhall reject
The cruel cuſtom, to the Sufferer cruel,
Uſeleſs and baneful to the gaping Crowd!
The day will come when LIFE, the deareſt Price
Man can pay down, ſufficient forfeit deem'd
For guilty Man's tranſgreſſion of the Law,
Shall be paid down, as meet for ſuch a Price,
Reſpectful, ſad; with reverence to a Soul's
Departure hence; with reverence to the Soul's
And Body's ſeparation, much lov'd Friends!
Without a torture to augment its loſs,
Without an inſult to moleſt its calm;

To

To the demanded debt no fell account
Of curious, hiſſing ignominy annex'd:
Anguiſh, beyond the bittereſt torture keen;
Unparallel'd in Realms where Bigotry
Gives to the furious Sons of *Dominic*
Her ſable flag, and marks their way with Blood.

Hail, milder Sons of *Athens!* civiliz'd
By Arts ingenuous, by the 'ſuaſive power
Of humanizing Science! Well ye thought,
Like you may *Britons* think! that 'twas enough,
The ſentence paſs'd, a *Socrates* ſhould die!
The Sage, obedient to the *Law*'s decree,
Took from the weeping Executioner
The draught, reſign'd: Amidſt his ſorrowing friends,
Full of immortal hopes convers'd ſublime;
And, half in Heav'n—compos'd himſelf, and died!

Oh

Oh envied fate! oh happineſs ſupreme!
So let *me* die; ſo, 'midſt my weeping friends,
Reſign my Life! I aſk not the delay
Even of a moment. *Law*, thou'd'ſt have thy due!
Nor Thou, nor Juſtice can have more to claim.

But equal Laws, on Truth and Reaſon built,
Look to Humanity with lenient eye,
And temper rigid Juſtice with the claims
Of heaven-deſcended Mercy! to condemn
Sorrowing and ſlow; while ſtudious to correct,
Like Man's all-gracious Parent, with the view
Benign and laudable, of moral good,
And *Reformation* perfect. Hither then,
Ye Sons of Sympathy, of Wiſdom; Friends
To Order, to Compaſſion, to the State,
And to your Fellow Beings; hither come,
To this wild Realm of Uproar! hither haſte,
And ſee the *Reformation*, ſee the good
Wrought by *Confinement* in a Den like this!

View

View with unblushing front, undaunted heart,
The callous *Harlot* in the open day
Administer her poisons, 'midst a rout
Scarcely less bold or poison'd than herself!
View, and with eyes that will not hold the tear
In gentle pity gushing for such griefs,—
View the *young Wretch*, as yet unfledg'd in vice,
Just shackled here, and by the *veteran* Throng,
In every infamy and every crime
Grey and insulting, quickly taught to dare,
Harden'd like them in Guilt's opprobrious school!
Each bashful sentiment, incipient grace,
Each yet remorseful thought of Right and Wrong
Murder'd and buried in his darken'd heart!
—Hear how those Veterans clank,—ev'n jovial clank——
Such is obduracy in vice,—their chains *!

Hear

* This circumstance alludes to a fact equally singular and disgustful: The rattling of their fetters is frequently, and in a wanton manner practised, amongst some of the worst offenders; as if an amusement, or to shew their insensibility to shame. How shocking to see Human Nature thus in Ruins! Here it is emphatically so; worse than in Bedlam, as Madness with Reason, is more dreadful than without it!

Hear, how with Curſes hoarſe, and Vauntings bold,
Each ſpirits up, encourages and dares
His deſperate Fellow to more deſperate Proofs
Of future hardy enterprize; to plans
Of Death and Ruin! Not exulting more
Heroes or Chiefs for noble Acts renown'd,
Holding high converſe, mutually relate
Gallant Atchievements worthy; than the Sons
Of Plunder and of Rapine *here* recount
On peaceful life their devaſtations wild;
Their dangers, hair-breadth 'ſcapes, atrocious Feats,
Confederate, and confederating ſtill
In ſchemes of deathful horror! Who, ſurpris'd,
Can ſuch effects contemplate, upon minds
Eſtrang'd to good; fermenting on the lees
Of pregnant ill! aſſociate and combin'd
In intercourſe infernal, reſtleſs, dire;
And goading conſtant each the other's thoughts
To Deeds of Deſperation from the Tale
Of vaunted Infamy oft told; ſad fruit

Of the mind's vacancy!—And to that *Mind*
Employment none is offer'd: Not an hour
To ſecret recollection is aſſign'd;
No ſeaſonable ſound inſtruction brought,
Food for their thoughts, ſelf-gnawing. Not the Day
To *Reſt* and *Duty* dedicate, finds here
Or Reſt or Duty; revel'd off, unmark'd;
Or like the others undiſtinguiſh'd, ſave
By Riot's roar, and ſelf-conſuming ſloth!
For uſeful occupation none is found,
Benevolent t' employ their liſtleſs hands,
With indolence fatigu'd! Thus every day
Anew they gather Guilt's corroſive ruſt;
Each wretched day accumulate freſh ills;
And, horribly advanc'd, *flagitious* grown
From *faulty*, they go forth, tenfold of Hell
More the devoted Children: to the State
Tenfold more dangerous and envenom'd Foes
Than firſt they enter'd this improving School!

So

So, cag'd and ſcanty fed, or taught to rage
By taunting inſults, more ferocious burſt
On Man the tyger or hyæna race
From fell confinement; and, with hunger urg'd,
Gnaſh their dire fangs, and drench themſelves in
blood.

But ſhould, the *Felon* fierce, th' abandon'd Train
Whoſe inroads on the human peace forbid,
Almoſt forbid Compaſſion's mild regard;
(Yet, ah! what man with fellow-men can fall
So low, as not to claim ſoft Pity's care?)
Should *theſe* aught juſtify the rigid voice,
Which to ſevere confinement's durance dooms
Infallible the body and the ſoul
To bittereſt, ſureſt ruin: Shall we not
With generous indignation execrate
The cruel, indiſcriminating Law,
Which turns Misfortune into guilt and curſe;
And with the Felon harden'd in his crimes,

Ranks the poor hapleſs Debtor?—Debt's not *guilt*:
Alas! the worthieſt may incur the ſtroke
Of worldly infelicity! What man,
How high ſoe'er he builds his earthly neſt,
Can claim ſecurity from Fortune's change,
Or boaſt him of to-morrow? Of the Eaſt
Greateſt and chief, Lo! humbled in the duſt,
Sits Job—the ſport of Miſery! Wealthieſt late
Of all bleſt *Araby*'s moſt wealthy ſons,
He wants a potſherd now to ſcrape his wounds;
He wants a bed to ſhrowd his tortur'd limbs,
And only finds a dunghill! Creditor,
Wou'd'ſt thou add ſorrows to this ſorrowing man:
Tear him from ev'n his dunghill, and confine
'Midſt recreant *felons* in a *Britiſh* Jail?—
Oh Britiſh *inhumanity!* Ye climes,
Ye foreign climes—Be not the truth proclaim'd
Within your ſtreets, nor be it heard or told;
Leſt ye retort the cruelty we urge,
And ſcorn the boaſted mildneſs of our Laws!

Bleſt

Bleſt be the hour,—amidſt my depth of woe,
Amidſt this perturbation of my Soul,
GOD of my Life, I can, I will exult!——
Bleſt be the hour, that to my humble thought
Thy Spirit, ſacred ſource of every good,
Brought the ſublime idea, to expand
By Charity, the Angel's grace divine,
The rude, relentleſs, iron priſon-gates,
And give the pining *Debtor* to the world,
His weeping family, and humble home!
Bleſt be the hour, when, heedful to my voice
Bearing the Priſoners ſad ſighs to their ears,
Thouſands, with ſoft commiſeration touch'd,
Delighted to go forth, and viſit glad
Thoſe *Priſoners* in their woe, and ſet them free!

GOD of the Merciful! Thou haſt announc'd
On Mercy, thy firſt, deareſt attribute,
Choſen beatitude! Oh pour the dew,
The foſtering dew of Mercy on their gifts,

Their-

Their rich donations grateful! May the prayers
Of thoſe enfranchis'd by their bounteous zeal
Ariſe propitious for them! and, when hears'd
In Death's cold arms this hapleſs frame ſhall lye,
—The generous tear, perchance, not quite with-held;—
When friendly Memory to reflection brings
My humble efforts, and my mournful fate;
On ſtable baſis founded, may the work
Diffuſe its good through Ages! nor with-hold
Its reſcuing influence, till the hour arrives,
When Wants, and Debts, and Sickneſs are no more;
And univerſal *Freedom* bleſſeth all!

But, till that hour, on Reformation's plan,
Ye generous Sons of Sympathy, intent,
Boldly ſtand forth! The cauſe may well demand,
And juſtly full well your nobleſt zeal.
Religion, Policy, your Country's good,

And

And Chriſtian Pity for the ſouls of men
To PRISONS call you; call to cleanſe away
The filth of theſe foul dens; to purge from guilt,
And turn them to Morality's fair School.

Nor deem impoſſible the great attempt,
Augæan tho' it ſeem: yet not beyond
The ſtrength of thoſe, that, like *Alcides*, aim
High to be rank'd amid'ſt the godlike Few,
Who ſhine eternal on Fame's ampleſt roll:
Honour'd with Titles, far beyond the firſt
Which proudeſt Monarchs of the Globe can give;
"SAVIOURS and BENEFACTORS OF MANKIND!"

Hail, generous HANWAY! To thy noble plan,
Sage ſympathetic*, let the Muſe ſubſcribe
Rejoicing! In the kind purſuit, good luck
She wiſheth thee, and honour! Could her ſtrain
Embelliſh aught, or ought aſſiſt thy toils
Benevolent,

* See Mr. Hanway's Pamphlet, intitled, "Solitude in Impriſonment."

Benevolent, 'twould chear her lonely hours,
And make the dungeon ſmile. But toils like thine
Need no embelliſhment; need not the aid
Of Muſe or feeble Verſe. Reaſon-approv'd
And Charity-ſuſtain'd, firm will they ſtand,
Under *His* ſanction, who on Mercy's works
E'er looks complacent; and his ſons on earth,
His choſen ſons, with angel-zeal inſpires
To plan, and to ſupport. And thine, well-plann'd,
Shall be ſupported. *Pity* for thy brow,
With *Policy* the ſage, ſhall ſhortly twine
The garland, worthier far than that of oak,
So fam'd in ancient *Rome*—the meed of him
Who ſav'd *a ſingle citizen.* More bleſs'd
Religion mild, with gentle mercy join'd,
Shall hail thee—for the Citizens, the Souls
Innumerous reſtor'd to GOD, the State,
Themſelves,

Themſelves, and ſocial life, by SOLITUDE;
Devotion's parent, Recollection's nurſe,
Source of Repentance true; of the Mind's wounds
The deepeſt prober, but the ſafeſt cure! *

Hail, ſacred SOLITUDE! Theſe are thy works,
True ſource of good ſupreme! Thy bleſt effects
Already on my Mind's delighted eye
Open beneficent. Ev'n now I view
The revel-rout diſpers'd; each to his cell
Admitted, ſilent! The obſtreperous cries,
Worſe than infernal yells; the clank of chains—
Opprobrious chains, to Man ſevere diſgrace,
Huſh'd in calm order, vex the ears no more!
While, in their ſtead, Reflection's deep-drawn ſighs,
And prayers of humble penitence are heard,
To Heaven well pleaſing, in ſoft whiſpers round!

No

* Vide Taylor's H. L. and D. Part ii. p. 42.

No more, 'midſt wanton idleneſs, the hours
Drag wearifome and ſlow: Kind *Induſtry*
Gives wings and weight to every moment's ſpeed;
Each minute marking with a golden thread
Of moral profit. Harden'd Vice no more
Communicates its poiſon to the ſouls
Of young aſſociates, nor diffuſes wide
A peſtilential taint. Still Thought pervades
The inmoſt heart: Inſtruction aids the Thought;
And bleſt Religion with life-giving ray
Shines on the mind ſequeſter'd in its gloom;
Diſcloſing glad the golden gates, thro' which
Repentance, led by *Faith*, may tread the courts
Of *Peace* and *Reformation!* Cheer'd and chang'd,
—His happy days of quarantine perform'd—
Lo! from his ſolitude the Captive comes
New born, and opes once more his grateful eyes
On day, on life, on man! a fellow-man!

Hail, ſacred SOLITUDE! From thee alone
Flow theſe high bleſſings. Nor be't deem'd *ſevere*,—

Such

Such *ſequeſtration*; deſtin'd to retrieve
The mental lapſe; and to its powers reſtore
The Heaven-born Soul, encruſted with foul guilt.
'Tis tendereſt Mercy, 'tis Humanity
Yearning with kindlieſt ſoftneſs: while her arm
From ruin plucks, effectuates the releaſe,
And gives a ranſom'd Man to Earth—to Heaven!

To the ſick Patient ſtruggling in the jaws
Of obſtinate Diſeaſe, e'er knew we yet
Grateful and pleaſing from Phyſician's hand
The rough, but ſalutary Draught?—For That
Do we with-hold theDraught?—and, falſely kind,
Hang ſighing o'er our Friend,—allow'd to toſs
On the hot Fever's bed, rave on, and die,
Unmedicin'd, unreliev'd?—But, Sages, ſay,
Where is the Medicine! Who will preſcribe a cure,
Or adequate to this corroding ill,
Or in its operation milder found?

See on old Thames's waves indignant ride,
In ſullen terror, yonder ſable Bark,
By State-Phyſicians lately launch'd, and hight
JUSTITIA *. Dove-ey'd Pity, if thou canſt,
That Bark aſcend with me; and let us learn
How, temper'd with her Siſter *Mercy*, there
Reigns *Juſtice*, and, effective, to the ill
Inveterate grown, her lenient aid ſupplies.

And rolls this Bark on Thames's generous Flood—
Flood that wafts Freedom, wafts the high-born Sons
Of gallant Liberty to every Land?
See the chain'd BRITONS, fetter'd Man by Man!
See, in the ſtifled Hold—excluded whence
Man's common bleſſing, *Air*, ne'er freely breathes—
They mingle, crowded!—To our pamper'd ſteeds
Inferior how in Lodging! Tainted food,

And

* The Author ſeems chiefly to have formed his ideas of the mode of treating Convicts on the Thames, from a late Pamphlet publiſhed by Dr. Smith: But we are informed that the evils here complained of, have been already, in a great meaſure, and we truſt will ſoon be, wholly removed.

And poiſon'd fumes their life-ſprings ſtagnate rank;
They reel aloft for breath: Their tottering limbs
Bend weak beneath the burden of a frame
Corrupted, burning; with blue feverous ſpots
Contagious; and, unequal to the toil,
Urg'd by Taſk-Maſters vehement, ſevere,
On the chill Sand-bank!—by deſpair and pain
Worn down and wearied, *Some* their Being curſe,
And die, devoting to deſtruction's rage,
Society's whole race deteſted! *Some*,
More mild, gaſp out in agonies of ſoul
Their loath'd exiſtence; which nor Phyſic's aid,
Nor ſweet *Religion*'s interpoſing ſmile
Soothes with one ray of comfort! Gracious God,
And This is Mercy!—Thus, from ſentenc'd death
Britons in pity reſpite, to reſtore
And moralize Mankind! Correction this,
Juſt Heav'n! deſign'd for Reformation's end

Ye

Ye Slaves, that bred in Tyranny's Domains
Toil at the Gallies, how ſupremely bleſt,
How exquiſite your Lot (ſo much deplor'd
By haughty Sons of Freedom) to the fate
Experienc'd hourly by her free-born Sons,
In our *Britannia*'s vaunted reſidence *;
Sole, choſen Reſidenee of Faith refin'd
And genuine Liberty!——Ye Senators,
Ye venerable Sages of the Law,
In juſt reſentment for your Country's fame,
Wipe off this contradictory reproach
To manners, and to policy like yours!
Correct, but to amend: 'Tis God's own plan,
Correct, but to *reform*; then give to Men

The

* There is a thought in Lucan to the ſame purpoſe, elegantly expreſſed:

" Felices Arabes, Medique, Eoaque Tellus,
" Quam ſub perpetuis tenuerunt Fata tyrannis.
" Ex populis, qui Regna ferunt, Sors ultima noſtra eſt,
" Quos ſervire pudet."

Pharſal. Lib. 7.

The means of *Reformation!* Then, reſtor'd
To Recollection, to Himſelf, to GOD,
The Criminal will bleſs your ſaving hand;
And, brought to reaſon, to Religion brought,
Will own that SOLITUDE, as ſolely apt
For work ſo ſolemn, has that work atchiev'd,
Miraculous, and perfect of his cure.

Ah me!—to ſentiments like theſe eſtrang'd,
Eſtrang'd, as ignorant,—and never pent
Till this ſad chance within a Priſon's wall;
With what deep force, experienc'd can I urge
The truths momentous! How their pow'r I feel
In this MY *Solitude*, in this lone hour,
This melancholy midnight hour of thought,
Encircled with th' unhappy! firmly clos'd
Each barricaded door; and left, juſt God!
Oh Bleſſing—left to penſiveneſs and Thee!

To

To Me how high a bleſſing! Nor contains
Seclusion aught of puniſhment: To mix
With Wretches here were puniſhment indeed!
How dread a puniſhment!—In Life's beſt days,
Of all moſt choſen, valu'd and belov'd,
Was ſoft Retirement's ſeaſon! From Youth's dawn
To ſolitude inur'd, "Ne'er leſs alone
"Than when alone," with Him ſo truly fam'd
In Wiſdom's School, my Heart could ever beat
Glad uniſon. To Meditation's charms,
Pleas'd Votary, how have paſs'd my ſweeteſt Hours
In her ſecrete and calm ſociety!
Still *Meditation!* Solitude's fair Child,
Man's deareſt Friend!—Oh happy be the time
That introduc'd me to thy hallow'd Train;
That taught me, thro' thy genial Leſſons ſage,
My beſt, my trueſt Dignity to place
In Thought, Reflection deep, and ſtudious ſearch,

Divineſt

Divineſt Recreations of the Mind!
Oh, happy be the Day, which gave that Mind
Learning's firſt tincture! Bleſt thy foſtering care,
Thou moſt belov'd of Parents, worthieſt Sire!
Which, taſte-inſpiring, made the letter'd Page
My favourite companion; moſt eſteem'd,
And moſt improving! Almoſt from the Day
Of earlieſt Childhood, to the preſent Hour
Of gloomy, black misfortunes, *Books*, dear Books
Have been, and are, my comforts. Morn and Night,
Adverſity, Proſperity, at home,
Abroad; Health, Sickneſs,—good or ill Report,
The ſame firm friends; the ſame refreſhment rich,
And ſource of conſolation! Nay even *here*
Their magic power they loſe not. Still the ſame,
Of matchleſs influence in this Priſon-Houſe,
Unutterably horrid; in an Hour
Of Woe, beyond all Fancy's fictions drear!

Drear

Drear Hour!—What is it?—Loſt in poignant
thought,
Loſt in the Retroſpection manifold
Of thee, lov'd Study! and of thee, my Sire,
Who, to the fountain fair of Science led
My infant feet,—I loſe all count of Time,
I loſe myſelf. Liſt! 'Tis dread Midnight's hour!
When waking Fancy (with invention wild
By Ages hallow'd) hath to Spirits aſſign'd
—Spirits of dear departed Friends—to walk
The ſilent gloom; and bring us from the Dead
Tales harrowing up the Soul aghaſt!——And,
hark!
Solemn and ſlow the iron tongue of Night
Reſounds alarming!—My o'er-harraſs'd Soul
Confus'd, is loſt in ſorrows: Down mine Eyes
Stream the full Tears! Diſtreſs is all alive,
And quick Imagination's pulſe beats high!

"Dear Father! is it thou?" Methought his
ghoſt
Glided

Glided in ſilence by me! Not a word,—
While mournfully he ſhakes his dear pale face!
Oh ſtay, thou much-lov'd parent! ſtay, and give
One word of conſolation; if allow'd
To Son, like whom no Son hath ever lov'd,
None ever ſuffer'd! See, it comes again:
Auguſt it flits acroſs th' aſtoniſh'd room!
I know thee well, beauteous image know:
Dear Spirit! ſtay; and take me to the world
Where thou art! And where thou art, oh my Father!
I muſt, I muſt be happy.—Every day
Thou know'ſt, remembrance hath embalm'd thy love,
And wiſh'd thy preſence. Melancholy thought!
At laſt to meet thee in a place like this:
Oh ſtay, and waft me inſtant—But, 'tis gone,
The dear deluſion: He nor hears my words,
My filial anxiety, nor regards

My pleading tears. 'Twas but a coinage vain
Of the diſtemper'd fancy! Gone, 'tis gone!
And here I'm left a trembling wretch, to weep
Unheard, unpitied left, to weep alone!

Nor thou, Maria, with me! Oh, my Wife!
And is this bitter with the bittereſt mix'd;
That I muſt loſe thy heavenly company,
And conſolation ſoothing! Yet, 'tis beſt:
Thy tenderneſs, thy preſence doth but wound
And ſtab to the keeneſt quick my burſting heart!
"I have undone thee!" Can I then ſuſtain
Thy killing aſpect, and that tender tear,
Which ſecret ſteals a-down thy lovely face,
Diſſembling ſmiles, to chear me!—Chear *me*
Heav'ns!
Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,
Pluck'd inſtant, unſuſpected, in the hour
Of Peace and dear Security on her head!
And where—Oh where can Chearfulneſs be
found?

Mine

Mine muſt be Mourning ever. Oh my Wife,
" I have undone thee !"—What th' infuriate hand
Of foes vindictive could not have atchiev'd,
In mercy would not, *I* have wrought ! Thy Huſband !
Thy Huſband, lov'd with ſuch unſhaken truth,
Thy Huſband, lov'd with ſuch a ſteady flame,
From Youth's firſt hour !—Ev'n *He* hath on thee pluck'd,
On thee, his Soul's Companion, Life's beſt Friend,
Such deſolation, as to view would draw
From the wild Savage Pity's deepeſt groan !

Yes, yes, thou coward *Mimic !* pamper'd Vice !
High praiſe be ſure is thine ! Thou haſt obtain'd
A worthy triumph ! Thou haſt pierc'd to the quick
A weak, an amiable female heart,
A conjugal heart moſt faithful, moſt attach'd :
—Yet can I pardon *thee :* for, poor Buffoon !

Thy

Thy vices muſt be fed; and thou muſt live,
Luxurious live, a foe to GOD and Man;
Commiſſion'd live, thy poiſon to diffuſe,
And taint the Public Virtue with thy CRIMES.
Yes, I can pardon *thee*—low as thou art,
And far too mean an object even of ſcorn:
For *thou* her merits knew'ſt not. Hadſt thou known,
Thou,—callous as thou art to every ſenſe
Of human feeling, every nobler touch
Of generous ſenſibility;—even *thou*
Couldſt not have wanton pierc'd her gentle breaſt;
But at a diſtance awful wouldſt have ſtood;
And, like thy Prototype of oldeſt time,
View'd her juſt virtues paſs in triumph by,
And own'd, howe'er reluctant.——

March 30, 1777.

END OF THE THIRD WEEK.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON:

WEEK THE FOURTH.

THE TRIAL.

DREAD'ST thou an earthly bar? Thou, who ſo oft
In contemplation ſerious haſt employ'd
Thy deareſt meditations on a Bar
Tremendouſly deciſive! who ſo oft
That Bar's important terrors haſt diſplay'd
To crowds attentive; with the ſolemn theme
Rapt into thought profound?—And beats thy heart
With throbs tumultuous;——fail thy trembling knees,

Now

Now that in *Judgment* thou muſt ſtand before
Weak mortals, like thyſelf; and ſoon, like thee,
Shivering with guilt and apprehenſions dire,
To anſwer in dread Judgment 'fore their GOD?

What gives that Judgment terror? Guilt, pale Guilt;
Conſcience accuſing ſtern; the fiery Law,
The terrible hand-writing on the wall!
But vaniſh theſe,—that mighty *Day's-Man* found,
Who, ſmiling on *Confeſſion*'s genuine tear,
The meek repentant aſpect, and the hand
With ready, perfect retribution fraught,
Urges complete his ranſom, and ſets free
Th' immortal priſoner.—But, ah me! on earth
Such golden mercy reigns not: here is found
No potent *Day's-Man*; here no ranſom full,
No clement Mediator. Here ſtern Law,
With viſage all-unbending, eyes alone
The rigorous Act. *Confeſſion* here is Guilt,

And

and *Reſtitution* perfect, perfect *loſs!*
Ah me the while, here *men* the Judges are;
And there th' Omniſcient, *Mercy*'s ſource and
ſtream!

Triumphant conſolation! Firm in Faith,
And juſtified by Him whoſe precious blood
For Man flow'd liberal, the Soul, ſecure
Of future acceptation at *that* Bar
Of trial moſt momentous, ſoars above
The World's ſevereſt trials *; and can view

Serene

* The Verſes ſubjoined were written by the King of Pruſſia, after a deciſive defeat, when one of his General Officers had propoſed to ſet him the example of ſelf-deſtruction.

Dans ces jours, pleins d'alarmes,
La conſtance et la fermete
Sont les boucliers et les armes
Que j'oppoſe a l'adverſite:

Que le Deſtin me perſecute,
Qu'il prepare ou hate ma chute,

Le

Serene the horrors of an *earthly Bar*,
Though far than death more horrid. Yes, kind
Death,
How preferable far thy ſight to me!
Oh that, without this tedious, dread detail
Of awful circumſtance,—this long, ſad pomp
Of

Le danger ne peut m'ebranler:
Quand le vulgaire eſt plein de crainte,
Que l'eſperance ſemble eteinte,
L'homme fort doit ſe ſignaler.

A Friend having given Dr. D. in priſon, a copy of theſe Lines, he was much pleaſed with them, and immediately paraphraſed them as follows:

In theſe ſad moments of ſevere diſtreſs,
When dangers threaten, and when ſorrows preſs,
For my defence behold what arms are given——
Firmneſs of ſoul, and Confidence in Heaven!
With theſe, tho' Fortune hunt me thro' the land,
Tho' inſtant, utter ruin ſeem at hand!
Compos'd and ſelf-collected I remain,
Nor ſtart at perils, nor of ills complain:
To mean Deſpair the low, the ſervile fly,
When Hope's bright ſtar ſeems darken'd in their ſky;
Then ſhines the Chriſtian, and delights to prove
His Faith unſhaken, and unchang'd his Love!

Of miniſtering wretchedneſs, thy friendly ſhaft
Had inſtant reach'd, and pierc'd my tortur'd
Heart:
How had I bleſs'd the ſtroke, and been at peace!
But, thro' a dreary avenue of woe,
A lengthen'd vault of black diſtreſs and ſhame,
With mournful melancholy ſable hung,
Muſt I be led *,—or ere I can receive
Thine icy comforts to my chill'd Life's Blood!

Welcome, thrice welcome were they! But the
call
Of Heaven's dread Arbiter we wait: His Will
Is rectitude conſummate. 'Tis the Will
Parental of high Wiſdom and pure Love!
Then to that Will ſubmiſſive bend, my Soul:
O And,

* Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit SPECTATOR!

HOR.

And, while, meek *Reſignation* to the Rod
Corrective of his Juſtice and his Love
Obedient bows,—Oh for impartial ſearch!
Oh for a TRIAL ſtrict, to trace the Cauſe,
The fatal Cauſe, whence ſprung the ill deplor'd!
And why—ſad ſpectacle of Woe—we ſtand
Thus, Sin and Sorrow-ſunk, at this DREAD BAR!

Return, bleſt Hours! ye peaceful Days, return!
When thro' each office of celeſtial *Love*
Enobling Piety my glad Feet led
Continual, and my Head each Night to reſt
Lull'd on the downy pillow of Content!
Dear were thy ſhades, O HAM! and dear the Hours
In manly muſing 'midſt thy Foreſts paſs'd,
And antique woods of ſober Solitude,
Oh EPPING! witneſs to my lonely walks
By Heaven-directed Contemplation led!
Ye Days of Duty, tranquil Nights, return!

How

How ill exchang'd for thoſe, which buſier ſcenes
To the World's Follies dedicate, engroſs'd
In ſpecious trifling; all important deem'd,
While gilt, Oh CHESTERFIELD! with ſeeming gold
Of prime refinement, thro'-thy foſtering ſmile,
And patronage auſpicious!

Sought by *Thee*,
And ſingled out, unpatroniz'd, unknown;
By *Thee*, whoſe taſte conſummate was applauſe,
Whoſe approbation merit; forth I came,
And with me to the taſk, delighted, brought
The upright purpoſe, the intention firm
To fill the charge, to juſtify the choice,
Perchance too flattering to my Heart; a Heart
Frank, inexpert, unhackney'd in the World,
And yet eſtrang'd to guile! But ye, more ſkill'd
In that World's artful ſtyle, Judges ſevere;
Say, in the zenith of bright *Stanhope*'s Sun,
(Though ſet that Sun, alas! in miſty clouds;)

Say,

Say, midſt *his* luſtre, whom would not that choice
Have flatter'd ?—And ſtill more, when urg'd, approv'd,
And bleſs'd by Thee, St. David's ! Honour'd Friend ;
Alike in Wiſdom's and in Learning's School
Advanc'd and ſage !——Short pauſe, my Muſe, and ſad
Allow, while leaning on Affection's arm
Deep-ſighing Gratitude, with Tears of Truth,
Bedews the Urn, the happy Urn, where reſt
Mingled thy Aſhes, oh, my Friend ! and *Her's*
Whoſe Life bound up with thine in amity
Indiſſolubly firm, felt thy laſt pang
Diſrupting as her own ; gently ſigh'd forth
The precious Boon ; while ſprung her faithful Soul,
Indignant without Thee to reſt below,
On Wings of Love, to meet Thee in the Skies !

Bleſt

Bleſs pair! and envied! Envied and embalm'd
In our recording memory, my Wife,
My Friend, my lov'd MARIA! Be our lot
Like their's!——But ſoft,—ah my foreboding thoughts!
Repreſs the guſhing Tear;—return, my Song.

Plac'd thus, and ſhelter'd underneath a *Tree*,
Which ſeem'd like that in Viſions of the Night
To *Babylonia*'s haughty Prince pourtray'd,
Whoſe height reach'd Heaven, and whoſe verdant boughs
Extended wide their ſuccour and their ſhade;
How did I truſt, too confident! How dream
That Fortune's ſmiles were mine; and how, deceiv'd,
By gradual declenſion yield my truſt,
My humble happy truſt on Thee, my God!
How ill exchang'd for confidence in Man,
In *Cheſterfields*, in Princes!—Wider ſcenes,

Alps

Alps ſtill on Alps were open'd to my view;
And, as the circle in the Flood enlarg'd,
Enlarg'd expences call. Fed to the full
With Flattery's light food*, and the puff'd wind
Of promiſes deluſive——"Onward ſtill!
"Preſs onward!" cries the World's alluring Voice;
"The time of retribution is at hand:
"See the ripe Vintage waits thee!" Fool, and blind,
Still credulous I heard, and ſtill purſu'd
The airy meteor glittering, thro' the mire,
Thro' brake and bog, till more and more in-gulph'd

In

* So prayſon Babes the Peacock's ſtarry traine,
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him e'er the more for-thy?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſkie,
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.
SPENSER.

In the deceitful quag, floundering I lay.
Nor heard was then the World's alluring voice,
Or promiſes deluſive: Then not ſeen
The Tree umbrageous, with its ample ſhade;
For me, alas, that Tree had ſhade no more!
But, ſtruggling in the gulph, my languid Eye
Saw only round the barren ruſhy Moor,
The flat, wide, dreary Deſert:—Till a Hope,
Dreſs'd by the Tempter in an Angel's form,
Preſenting its fair hand,—imagin'd fair,
Though foul as murkieſt Hell,—to drag me forth,
Down to the center plung'd me, dark and dire
Of howling Ruin;—bottomleſs Abyſs
Of deſolating Shame, and nameleſs Woe!

But, witneſs Heav'n and Earth, 'midſt this brief ſtage,
This blaſting period of my chequer'd Life,

Tho'

Tho' by the World's gay vanities allur'd,
I danc'd, too oft, alas! with the wild rout
Of thoughtleſs Fellow-Mortals, to the ſound
Of Folly's tinkling Bells; tho' oft, too oft
Thoſe paſtimes ſhar'd enervating, which ill
—Howe'er by ſome judg'd innocent,—become
Religion's ſober character and garb:
Tho' oft, too oft, by weak compliance led,
External ſeemings, and the ruinous bait
Of ſmooth politeneſs, what my Heart condemn'd
Unwiſe it practis'd;—never without pang!
Tho' too much influenc'd by the pleaſing force
Of native generoſity, uncurb'd
And unchaſtis'd (as Reaſon, Duty taught),
Prudent Œconomy, in thy ſober School
Of parſimonious Lecture; uſeful lore,
And of prime moment to our worldly weal;
—Yet, witneſs Heaven and Earth, amidſt this Dream,

This

This tranſient Viſion, ne'er ſo ſlept my Soul,
Or ſacrific'd my Hands at Folly's Shrine,
As to forget *Religion*'s public Toil,
Study's improvement, or the pleading cauſe
Of ſuffering *Humanity*!—Gracious GOD,
How wonderful a compound, mixture ſtrange,
Incongruous, inconſiſtent, is frail Man!

Yes, my lov'd CHARLOTTE, whoſe Top-ſtone with joy
My careful hands brought forth, what time expell'd
From HAM's loſt Paradiſe, and driv'n to ſeek
Another place of Reſt! Yes, beauteous Fane!
To bright Religion dedicate, Thou well
My happy *public Labours* canſt atteſt,
Unwearied and ſucceſsful in the Cauſe,
The glorious, honour'd Cauſe of *Him*, whoſe Love
Bled for the human Race! Thou can'ſt atteſt
The Sabbath-Days delightful, when the throng

Crowded thy hallow'd Walls with eager joy,
To hear Truth evangelical; the ſound
Of Goſpel Comfort! When attentive ſate,
Or at the Holy Altar humbly knelt,
Perſuaſive, pleaſing Patterns—Athol's Duke,
The poliſh'd *Hervey*, *Kingſton* the humane,
Ayleſbury and *Marchment*, *Romney*, all-rever'd;
With numbers more—by ſplendid titles leſs
Than Piety diſtinguiſh'd, and pure Zeal.

Nor 'midſt this *public Duty*'s bleſt diſcharge,
Paſs'd idle, unimproving, unemploy'd
My other Days;—as, if, the Sabbath's taſk
Fulfill'd, the buſineſs of the Week was done,
Or ſelf-allow'd. Witneſs, thrice holy *Book*!
Pure tranſcript of th' Eternal's Will to Man;
Witneſs with what aſſiduous care I turn'd
Daily thy hallow'd page; with what deep ſearch
Explor'd thy ſacred meaning; thro' the round
Of learn'd Expoſitors and grave trod ſlow,

And

And painfully deliberating; the while
My labours unremitting to the World
Convey'd instruction large;—and shall convey,
When moulders in the Grave the feeble Hand,
The Head, the Heart, that gave those Labours *
Birth.

Oh happy Toil! oh Labours well employ'd!
Oh sweet remembrance to my sickening Soul!
Blest Volumes! Nor, tho' levell'd in the Dust
Of Self-annihilation, shall my Soul
Cease to rejoice, or thy preventive grace
Adoring laud, Fountain of every good!
For that no *letter'd poison* ever stain'd
My page, how weak soe'er; for that my pen,
However humble, ne'er has trac'd a line
Of tendency immoral, whose black Guilt

It

* Alluding to "Commentary on the Bible," in three Volumes, Folio.

It well might wish to blot with Tears of Blood!
Dear to the Christian shall my little works
—Effusions of a Heart sincere, devote
To God and Duty,—happily survive
Their wretched Master; and thro' lengthen'd Years
To Souls oppress't *Comfort*'s sweet balm impart;
And teach the pensive MOURNER *how to die* *!

Thou too, blest CHARITY! whose golden Key
So liberal unlocks the Prison's Gate
At the poor Debtor's call; oh, witness Thou,
To cruel taxers of my *Time* and *Thought*,
All was not lost, all were not misemploy'd,
Nor all *Humanity*'s fair rights forgot:
Since thou, spontaneous effort of the last,

My

* Referring to "Comfort for the Afflicted," and "Reflections on Death."

My pity's child and by the firſt matur'd,
Amidſt this flattering, fatal Æra, roſe;
Roſe into Being, to perfection roſe,
Beneath my humble foſtering! And, at length
Grown into public favour, thou ſhalt live;
And endleſs good diffuſe, when ſleeps in duſt
Thy hapleſs Founder; now, by direct fate,
Lock'd in a Priſon, whence thy bounty ſets,
And ſhall, oh Comfort! long ſet thouſands free.

Happy, thrice happy, had my active zeal,—
Already deem'd too active 'chance, by ſome,
Whoſe frozen Hearts, in icy fetters bound
Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, ne'er felt the warmth,
The genial warmth of pure Benevolence,
Love's ardent flame aſpiring;——had that Flame
Kindled my glowing zeal into effect,

And

And to *thy Counterpart* * exiſtence giv'n,
Lov'd Inſtitution; with its guardian aid
Protecting

* He intended to have eſtabliſhed a "Charity for the Loan of "Money, without Intereſt, to induſtrious Tradeſmen." Neceſſary Papers for that end were collected from Dublin, &c. and the following Addreſs, which he wrote and inſerted in the Public Ledger, of the 1ſt, January 1776, will, in ſome meaſure, explain his purpoſe.

"To the Wealthy in the Commercial World.

I Have often wiſhed moſt ſincerely to ſee a charitable Fund eſtabliſhed in this great and trading City, for the beneficent purpoſe of "lending to honeſt and induſtrious Tradeſmen "ſmall ſums Without intereſt, and on a reaſonable Security."

The benefits which would ariſe from ſuch an eſtabliſhment are too obvious to need enumeration. Almoſt every Newspaper tends more and more to convince me of the neceſſity of ſuch a plan; for in almoſt every News-paper we read Advertiſements from Tradeſmen, ſoliciting little ſums in their diſtreſs; and offering,---poor unhappy men! even premiums for thoſe little ſums.

It is not poſſible but that perſons occupied in trade and commerce muſt feel for the difficulties of their brethren, and be ready to promote the undertaking I would wiſh to recommend, although on no intereſted motives;----for I am no Tradeſman, nor can any way be benefited by the plan. Pure good-will, and a compaſſionate reſpect to the hardſhips and

diſtreſſes

Protecting from the Priſon's ruinous doors,
Thoſe whom thy kindly mercy reſcues thence!

Or,

diſtreſſes of my fellow-creatures alone actuate my heart: And from theſe motives, I ſhall be happy to proceed upon, and proſecute this plan with all the efforts and aſſiduity I am able, if it ſhould be approved by the benevolent, and they will teſtify that approbation, and deſire of concurrence, by a line directed to D. at Anderton's Coffee-houſe, Fleet-ſtreet. In conſequence of which, ſhould a probability of ſucceſs appear, a meeting ſhall ſpeedily be advertiſed in the Papers; and all meaſures purſued, to put the good deſign into immediate execution, which on ſuch a meeting may be judged adviſeable. It may be proper juſt to obſerve, that in many cities abroad,---at Rome in particular,---there are inſtitutions of this ſort: and there has been one eſtabliſhed for many years at Dublin, which is found productive of the happieſt conſequences.

It is made in Scripture one characteriſtic of the good man, "that he is merciful and lendeth;" and a very ſmall ſum, thus given to a permanent eſtabliſhment, may enable a man to lend for perpetuity!

How can we better begin the New-Year, my worthy and humane countrymen! than by entering on a work which may draw down upon us God's bleſſing, by our charitable relief to many ſons and daughters of honeſt and laborious induſtry?---

HUMANITY."

Or, had that zeal, on firm foundation fix'd
Like thine, my favourite MAGDALEN,—the Plan
Preſervative of tender Female Fame *,
Fair Innocence and Virtue, from thoſe ills
Deſtructive, complicate, which only find
Relief beneath thy hoſpitable roof;
How had I died exulting!——But, oh raiſe,
Inſpire ſome godlike Spirit, ſome great Soul,
Father of Mercies! of all Love, all Good
Author and Finiſher;—theſe, and every work
Beneficent, with Courage to purſue,
With Wiſdom to complete! Oh crown his zeal;
While ſorrowing human nature, by his Hand
Cheriſh'd and ſooth'd, to lateſt times ſhall tell,
And bleſs with tears of gratitude his Name!

Mine

* "A Plan for a National Female Seminary"——ſince found amongſt the Author's Papers; and which appears to have undergone the inſpection, and received the approbation of ſome very diſtinguiſhed names.

Mine is a different fate!—confeſs'd, juſt Judge,
The meed of human mixture in my works
Imperfect, frail; and needing, even the beſt,
Thy pardon, and the cleanſing of thy blood!
Elſe, whence the frequent retributions baſe,
Calumnious and ungrateful, for the deeds
Of private Pity? Whence, for public acts
The ſtab opprobrious, and the ſlanders vile?
Or whence, at this dread moment,—from the ſight
Shrowd me in tenfold darkneſs!—Mercy, Heavens!

And is it HE—th' ingenuous Youth, ſo oft
Of all my being, fortune, comfort deem'd
The generous, ample ſource?—And is it HE,
In whom, thro' drear Misfortune's darkeſt night,
I ſaw Hope's day-ſtar riſing?—Angel of Peace,
Amidſt his future hours, my life's ſad loſs
Let not accuſing conſcience to his charge
Impute, diſtracting!—to My crimſon'd guilt
Oh let him lay it, as the forfeit due,

And juſtly paid!—Would Heaven that it were paid!
Oh, that with Rome's firſt *Cæſar*, in my robe
From ſight ſo killing, mantled up mine eyes,
I might receive the welcome ſtab; ſigh forth,
" My Philip, my lov'd Stanhope,—Is it thou!
" Then let me die!"————————

Yet, tho' thus wounded at this Bar I ſtand
In pangs unutterable, witneſs Heaven,
With deep commiſeration do I view
Their ſedulous anxiety to prove
A guilt, my heart,—too wounded to deny,
Wounded by that Guilt's ſenſe, its bittereſt part,—
Inſtant avow'd. What need then all this toil?
The deed is done! Wound not the fallen Hart,
'Tis cruel—that lies bleeding at your feet!
' I own the whole; I urge no legal plea!
' On dire Neceſſity's imperious call,
' (Sons of the Robe, of Commerce, Sons of
' *Men*,

' That

'That call imperious have *you* never heard?)
'On full Intention to repay the whole,
'And on that full Intention's perfect work,
'Free Reſtoration and complete: on wrong
'Or injury to none, deſign'd or wrought,
'I reſt my claim;—I found my ſole defence,'
"Groundleſs,—'tis thunder'd in my ears——and
"weak!
"For, in the rigid Courts of human Law,
"No Reſtitution wipes away th' offence,
"Nor does Intention juſtify." So ſpoke
(And who ſhall argue) Judgment's awful voice!

Haſte then, ye weeping Jurymen, and paſs
The awarded ſentence! To the World, to Fame,
To Honour, Fortune, Peace, and STANHOPE loſt,
What have I more to loſe? or can I think
Death were an evil to a Wretch like me!

Yet, oh ye ſons of Juſtice!—ere we quit
This awful Court, Expoſtulation's voice

One

One moment hear impartial. Give awhile
Your honeſt hearts to Nature's touches true,
Her fine reſentments faithful! Draw aſide
That veil from Reaſon's clear-reflecting view,
Which Practice long, and Rectitude ſuppos'd
Of laws eſtabliſh'd, hath obſtructive hung!
But, pleads or time, or long preſcription aught
In favour or abatement of the wrong
By Folly wrought, or Error? Hoary grown,
And ſanctify'd by Cuſtom's habit grey,
Abſurdity ſtalks forth, ſtill more abſurd,
And double ſhame reflects upon an age
Wiſe and enlighten'd. Should not equal laws
Their puniſhments proportionate to crimes *;
Nor, all *Draconick*, even to blood purſue
Vindictive,

* Horace's precept muſt for ever ſtand forth as irrefragably juſt.

——— "Adſit
Regula; peccatisque quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne Scutica dignum horribili ſectere flagello."
Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

Vindictive, where the venial poor offence
Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last demand
Law can exact: The penalty extreme
Of human crime! And shall the petty *thief*
Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more
Pays the bold *murderer*, crimson'd o'er with guilt?

Few are the crimes against or GOD or Man,
—Consult th' Eternal Code of Right and Wrong,—
Which e'er can justify this last extreme *,
This wanton sporting with the human life,
This trade in blood! Ye Sages, then, review,
Speedy

* "He had sometimes expressed his thoughts about our "Penal Laws, that they were too sanguinary;---that they were "against not only the laws of God, but of Nature;---that "his own case was hard, that he should die for an Act, which "he always declared to be wrong, but by which he never in-"tended to injure any one individual; and that, as the Public "had forgiven him, he thought he might have been par-"doned. But now [the day before his execution] he laid all "these thoughts touching himself aside; though he continued "to think in the same manner of the Penal Laws to his end." See Ordinary's Account, p. 14.

Speedy and diligent, the Penal Code,
Humanity's diſgrace; our Nation's firſt
And juſt reproach, amidſt its vaunted boaſts
Of Equity and Mercy!—Shiver not
Full oft your inmoſt ſouls, when from the Bench
You deal out death tremendous; and proclaim
Th' irrevocable ſentence on a wreteh
Pluck'd early from the paths of ſocial life,
And, immature, to the low grave conſign'd
For miſdemeanors trivial? Runs not back,
Affrighted to its fountain your chill'd blood,
When, deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,
And Gothic rage ſurpaſſing, to the flames
The weaker ſex,—incredible—you doom;
Denouncing puniſhments the moſt ſevere,
As leſs of ſtrength is found to bear their force?
Shame on the ſavage practice! Oh ſtand forth
In the great Cauſe,—Compaſſion's, Equity's,
Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honour's
Cauſe,—

Stand

Stand forth, reflecting EDEN*! Well thou'ſt toil'd
Already in the honourable field:
Might thy young labours animate! The hour
Auſpicious is arriv'd. Sages eſteem'd,
And venerably learn'd, as in the School
Of Legal Science, ſo in that of Worth
And Sentiment exalted, fill the Bench:
And lo! the Imperial MUSCOVITE, intent
On Public-weal, a bright example ſhines
Of civilizing Juſtice. Sages, riſe:
The Cauſe, the animating Pattern calls!
Oh, I adjure you, with my parting breath,
By all your hopes of Mercy and of Peace,
By all the Blood henceforth unjuſtly ſpilt,
Or wantonly! By all the Sorrows deep,
And ſcalding Tears ſhed for that blood ſo ſpilt!
In GOD's tremendous Name, Lo, I adjure,
Without procraſtination to the taſk

Important

* See Mr. Eden's admirable book on Penal Laws.

Important that you haſte! With equal hand
In ſcales of temperate Juſtice balance well
The claims of pleading Mercy! Unto crimes
Inflictions juſt and adequate aſſign;
On *Reformation* or *Example* ſole,
And all impartial, conſtantly intent!
Baniſh the Rage for *Blood!* for Tortures fell,
Savage, reproachful: Study to reſtore
Its young, its uſeful members to the State,
Well diſciplin'd, corrected, moraliz'd;
Preſerv'd at once from Shame, from Death, from Hell,
Men, Rationals, Immortals,—Sons of GOD.
Oh, proſperous be your labours, crown'd your zeal!

So ſhall the annals of our Sovereign's Reign,
Diſtinguiſh'd by your Virtue,—noble fruit
Of that high independance HE beſtow'd *

So

* Referring to the Independance of the Judges, ſettled by the King, as almoſt one of the firſt Acts of his Reign.

So freely from the Treasury of his Love
To genuine justice—down to future Times
Transmitting the rich blessing, shine renown'd
With truest glory; not by Her's surpass'd,
Th' immortal Legislator of the *North*!

Ah me, unhappy! to that Sovereign's Ear
Resolv'd to bring those Truths, which labouring long,
Have lain, and tost upon my anxious thoughts *:
Thence too am I excluded! Fatal Stroke,
And wounding to my peace! Rigour extreme
Of angry vengeance! "Nay, it recks not *now*,"
Oft, midst the tempest of my grief, I cried,
"It recks not *now* what falls me! From the House
"Of *Him* I honour'd, shut! *Him*, whose lov'd
"Sire

* See my Sermon on the Injustice, &c. of Capital Punishments.

" My Muſe in ſtrains elegiac weeping ſung*,
" Mixing her tribute with a Nation's Tears!
" *Him* to whoſe high-born Race,—of Liberty
" Firm Friends and Fautors—from my ear-
" lieſt Youth,
" My Heart, devoted, willing homage paid,
" And ſacred reverence; So parental Love
" And ſo my College taught, delightful CLARE!"
Dear ever to my Memory for Hours
In innocence and peaceful ſtudy paſt;
Nor leſs for Thee, my Friend, my LANCASTER!
Bleſt Youth, in early Hour from this Life's woes
In richeſt Mercy borne! Had I but died,
Oh had I died for Thee, how had I ſhunn'd
This harſh ſeverity,—excluſion ſad
From my lov'd Royal Maſter! how eſcap'd
Its ills attendant!—Reputation dies,
The darling of my Soul, beneath the ſtroke!

Wild

* See my " Elegy on the Death of Frederick Prince of " Wales." Poems, p. 63.

Wild, wanton curſes tear my mangled Fame!
My ſphere of uſefulneſs contracted ſhrinks;
And Infamy herſelf with "ghaſtly ſmiles"
My ruin ridicules! Turn, turn, my Brain!
Diſtracted, madden'd, burn! of Reaſon more,
Religion, Duty, Eminence, dream not:
The Door of Mercy's clos'd. THEE—oft from Thee
Mercy, ſweet Heaven! have I ſought and found;
From Fellow-Mortals ſeldom could I find,
How humbled ere, or penitent, for faults;
—And who of erring Mortals faultleſs breathes?
Mercy; that gift of Thine, which moſt adorns
The Judge's Veſtment, and the Monarch's Crown.

Adieu, then, to its hope; its earthly hope!
Elſewhere we'll ſeek it. Forth—oh forth, my Friends;
My generous, kind, ſupporting, weeping Friends!
Forth from the Bar conduct me. IT IS PAST.

Juſtice

Juſtice has done her office! Mercy's fled;
And ſmiling, lo! ſhe ſits upon a cloud
Of fleecy whiteneſs, ting'd with azur'd gold,
And beams ineffable compoſure on me!
Light ſits my boſom's Maſter on his throne;
Airy and diſencumber'd feels my Soul;
And, panting, wiſhes to ſpring inſtant up
To that white cloud,—the golden vehicle
To Realms of Reſt immortal! In my Eyes,
So languid late, and all ſuffus'd with Tears,
Methinks I ſee Hope's lamp rekindle bright;
A living luſtre; ſhedding, like the Sun,
After thick miſts, Illumination's ſmile
O'er all my countenance, marr'd, dimm'd, and wan,

Cheerly, my Friends, oh cheerly! Look not thus
With Pity's melting ſoftneſs! That alone

Can

Can ſhake my Fortitude. All is not loſt.
Lo! I have gain'd, on this important Day,
A victory conſummate—o'er myſelf,
And o'er this Life a Victory: On this Day,—
My Birth-Day to Eternity—I've gain'd
Diſmiſſion from a World, where for a while
Like You, like All, a Pilgrim paſſing poor,
A Traveller, a Stranger, I have met
But ſtranger treatment, rude and harſh! So much
The dearer, more deſir'd, the Home I ſeek,
Eternal of my Father and my GOD!

Ah, little thought ye, Proſecutors prompt,
To do me good like this! Little intend
For earthly poverty to give th' exchange
Of wealth eternal! CHERONEA's ſage,
Thy Dogmas *here*, ſo paradoxal deem'd
By weak Half-Thinkers*—ſee, how amply prov'd,
How

* See Plutarch "On the Benefits deducible from Enemies." Morals, Vol. I.

How verified by Men I judg'd my Foes;
Friends in disguise, Heaven's Instruments of good!
Freely, triumphantly, my Soul forgives
Each injury, each evil they have wrought,
Each tear they've drawn, each groan they've cost my Heart,
Guiltless tow'rds *Them*, uninjur'd. Hapless Men!
Down do I look, with pity: Fervent beg,
And unremitting from all-gracious Heaven
Eternal blessings on you! Be your lives,
Like mine, true convertites to Grace, to God!
And be your deaths—ah, there all difference ends—
Then be OUR Deaths like *his*, th' atoning JUST,
Like His, the *Only Righteous*, our *last End!*

But oh, oblivious *Memory!* baneful Woe,
Which thus in dull forgetfulness can steep
My Faculties;—forgetfulness of *Her*,

My

My better ſelf; for whom alone I wiſh,
Thus fallen, to remember that I am!
My Wife, my Soul's dear Partner in diſtreſs,
Where ſits ſhe? lives ſhe?—ah not *lives*, but drags
The tedious, torturing, horrid, anxious Hours
Of this dire day!—In ſolemn ſilence wrapt,
—Expreſſive ſilence,—motionleſs, compos'd,
The melancholy Mourner meekly waits
The aweful iſſue! From her lovely Eyes
Drops not a tear! not even a ſigh is heard
From her deep-wounded Heart: Nor thro' her Lips
Unſever'd from the luckleſs morn till night,
Mute Sufferer, ſteals a murmur *! Gentle Dove,
So, in the mournful abſence of thy Mate,
Perhaps

* "Speechleſs ſate;---nor plaintive word,
"Nor murmur from my Lips was heard."
Merrick's Pſalms, p. 39.

Perhaps or levell'd by the Fowler's art,
Or lur'd in net inſidious, ſitt'ſt thou lone
Upon the bared bough; thy little Head
Neſtling beneath thy ſilvery wings; while hang
Thy pennons, late ſo gloſſy, ſhivering down
Unplum'd, neglected, drooping! Thro' the Day
So tried, my tender Friends,—another taſk,
And heavier yet, remains to be perform'd.
Oh, with the balm of Comfort,—with the Voice
Of ſoothing Softneſs, the ſad truth unfold!
Approach the beauteous Mourner, all-rever'd;
And tell her, "that her *Huſband* triumphs,
"lives;——
"Lives, tho' condemn'd; lives to a nobler life!
"Nor, in the gladſome view of that high life,
"Feels he to Death Reluctance: Bleſt with her,
"Indifferent in his choice to live or die!"

Be the deciſion Thine, Father of Life!
Thou gaveſt, Thou haſt right to take away;

In

In each alike beneficent! If Thou
Haſt pleaſure in me, once more ſhall I ſhare
Thy hallow'd Services, my Heart's chief Joy;
If not, with happy David—oh like his
Could my Song flow repentant—every thought
Uniting, cries with Reſignation's voice,
"Do with me, Lord, as it ſhall ſeem Thee-
Good*!

Thus ſupplicating, down my weary Head
To ſlumber on its wretched pillow ſunk,
O'erpower'd, oppreſs'd. Nor on the main-maſt high
Rock'd by the bellowing tempeſt, and the daſh
Of furious ſurges, the poor ſhip-boy ſleeps
More ſoundly, than my powers o'erwrought, amidſt
The din of deſperate Felons, and the roar
Of harden'd Guilt's mad midnight orgies loud!

* 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.

But, Fancy free, the buſy Soul was wake;
Anticipation pleaſing of its ſtate,
When ſleeps its clayey Priſon in the Grave,
And forth it burſts to Liberty! Methought
—Such was the viſion—in a lowly vale
Myſelf I found, whoſe living green was deck'd
With all the beauteous family of Spring;
Pale Primroſe, modeſt Violet, Hare-bell blue,
Sweet-ſcented Eglantine of fragrance rich,
And permanent the Roſe: Golden Jonquil,
And Polyanthus variegate of hue,
With Lillies dale-delighting. Thro' the midſt
Meand'ring of pure cryſtal flow'd a ſtream
The flowery banks reflecting: On each ſide,
With homely Cots adorn'd, whoſe Habitants
When ſorrow-ſunk, my voice of comfort ſooth'd;
When ſickneſs-worn, my hand of care reliev'd,
Tended, and, miniſtring to all their wants,
Inſtructed in the language of the Skies!

Dear

Dear was the Office, chearing was the Toil,
And ſomething like angelic felt my Soul!

When lur'd, methought, by one of glittering hue,
(Bright gleam'd the coronet upon his Brow,
Rich glow'd his robe of crimſon, ermine deck'd)
I toil'd to gain a neighbouring mountain's top,
Where blaz'd *Preferment*'s Temple: So my Guide
With ſmile complacent taught, and led me on,
Softening with artful ſpeech the tedious way,
And arduous ever. As I roſe, the view
Still gloomier ſeem'd, and dreary; the ſtrait path
Still ſtraiter; and more ſharp the pointed briars
Entangling! With inſulting ſneers the croud,
Preſſing the ſame bad road, juſtled me by,
Or threw me proſtrate: 'Till fatigued, and faint,

With

With feeble voice exhauſted quite, I cried,
" Oh to my Vale reſtore me! to my Cots,
" Illuſtrious Guide! my miniſtrations bleſt,
" Angelical and bleſſing!"——With a look
Of killing ſcorn he ey'd me: Inſtant down,
Precipitate daſh'd o'er me craggy rocks,
Tumbling tumultuous, and in dungeon dark,
Illumin'd only by the furious glare
Of Lynx and Tygers' eyes, thro' hunger fierce,
And eager to devour, trembling I lay!

When, in a moment, thro' the dungeon's gloom
Burſt light reſplendent as the mid-day Sun,
From adamantine ſhield of Heavenly proof,
Held high by ONE *, of more than human port,
Advancing ſlow; while on his tow'ring creſt
Sat Fortitude unſhaken: At his feet
Crouch'd the half-famiſh'd Savages! From earth
He

* Faith.

He rais'd me, weeping, and with look of Peace
Benignant pointed to a crimſon'd Croſs
On his bright Shield pourtray'd. A milder form,
Yet of celeſtial ſweetneſs,—ſuch as oft
My raptur'd eyes have in the tablet trac'd
Of unaffected PENITENCE; of *her*
Pleaſing ſimilitude—the weeping Fair
Early from royal, but unhallow'd love,
To GOD's ſole ſervice flying *—Fam'd *Le Brun*,
Thy glowing pencil's Maſter-piece!—Such ſeem'd
REPENTANCE, meek-approaching. From the den,
Illumin'd and defended by *Faith*'s ſhield,
My trembling feet ſhe led; and having borne
Thro' perils infinite, and terrors wild
And various,—fainting almoſt my ſick ſoul—
She left me at a gate of glittering gold,
Which opened inſtantaneous at the touch
Of

* Madame de la Valiere. This fine Picture is in the Chapel of the Carmelite Nuns at Paris.

Of *homely Porter* *, clad in wolfey grey ;
And ever bending lowly to the ground
His modeſt countenance ! But what a ſcene,
—Admitted thro' the portal—on my ſight
Tranſported ruſh'd ! High on a ſapphire Throne,
Amidſt a flame like carbuncle, ſat Love,
Beaming forth living rays of Light and Joy
On choral crowds of Spirits infinite,
In Immortality and Glory cloath'd ;
And hymning lofty Strains to Minſtrelſy
Of golden Harps accorded, in *His* praiſe,
Love, uncreate, eſſential ; Love, which bled ;
Which bleeding blanch'd to pureſt white their robes,
And with eternal gold adorn'd their brows !

Diſſolv'd, methought, and all my ſenſes rapt
In viſion beatific, to a bank
Of purple Amaranthus was I borne

By

* Humility.

By a ſuperior *Genius*. His white wings
Diſtilling Panacea, dove-like ſpread
Refreſhing fragrance o'er me; Firm of brow
And maſculine he ſeem'd,—th' enobling Power
Angelic, deſtin'd in the human heart
To nouriſh FRIENDSHIP's flame! Up-rais'd my eyes
As from a Trance returning—" Spirit belov'd,
" And honour'd ever!" anxious ſtrait I cried,
" Thrice welcome to my wiſhes! Oh impart—
" For you can tell—in theſe delightful Realms
" Of happineſs ſupernal, ſhall we know,—
" Say, ſhall we meet and know thoſe deareſt
" Friends,
" Thoſe tender Relatives, to whoſe concerns
" You miniſter appointed?—ſhall we meet
" In mutual amity? mutual converſe hold,
" And live in Love immortal?—Oh relieve
" My aching heart's ſolicitude; and ſay,
" Here ſhall I meet, here know, in boundleſs
" bliſs,

" Here

" Here view tranſported, HER, my Life's beſt
" Friend,
" My Sorrows' faithful Soother ?"——Guſhing
tears
Impetuous ſtopp'd my voice ; and I awoke
To *Earth*, to *Night*, to *Darkneſs*, and a *Jail* !

April 14, 1777.

END OF THE FOURTH WEEK.

15 OC 61

THOUGHTS IN PRISON:

WEEK THE FIFTH.

FUTURITY.

"TO DEATH DEVOTE!" Thus in the vernal bloom
Of redolent Youth and Beauty, on the Croſs
Hung high her Motto *;—SHE, in Name, and choice

T Of

* Miſs Mary B-ſ--q--t whoſe Motto, encircling a Croſs, is "DEVOTED TO DEATH." From fourteen Years of Age ſhe dedicated herſelf to ſincere Religion, and to the preſent Hour has perſevered in the moſt exemplary Line of Duty. Her Letters to the Author, in his laſt Diſtreſs, afforded him peculiar comfort.

Of that far [illegible] *part*, like Her ſo fam'd
In ſtory evangelical!—Sweet Saint,
Friend of my Soul, and ſoother of my Grief!
Shall *I* then dread in age, and worn with woe,
To meet the King of Terrors?—Coward Fear
Of what we all muſt meet: The primal curſe
Of our firſt Father reſts on all his Race,
And "Duſt to Duſt," the Charter of Mankind!

But, were it poſſible, oh! who would wiſh
To ſtretch the nat[illegible]n, grow tedious, ſtale,
With dull recurrence of the ſame dull acts,
Ev'n in its happieſt ſtate! a toilſome care,
A wearying round of Cloathing, Food, and Sleep:
While chequer'd over with a thouſand ills
Inevitably painful!——In our *Frame*
Dwell, Death's Artillery, diſeaſes dire,
And potent to diſlodge the brittle Life
With agonies Heart-rending! In the *Soul*

Lurks

Lurks Sin, the Serpent, with her [illegible]ting
Of ſorrow, rankling in the Conſcience deep,
Source of all mental miſery !—From *without*,
In cloſe battalion, a black troop of ills
Level their deep-drawn Arrows at our peace ;
And fail not, as we paſs through Life's bad Road,
To wound th' unguarded Traveller ! Witneſs You
Who groan diſtreſs'd beneath Oppreſſion's ſcourge ;
Ingratitude's ſharp Too[illegible]anker'd Tongue
Of Slander ; Fortune's [illegible]or, bitterer far,
The loſs of Fame, and ſoul-connected Friends !

Thus tax'd, thus wretched, can the Man be wiſe,
Who wiſhes to retain ſo poor a Boon ?
Who fears to render the depoſit up
To his bleſt Hands who gave it ? And who thus
Beneficent hath rang'd his moral plan,

Thus

Thus good with evil mix'd; from Earth's poor Love,
(School of probation!) ſuffering Man to wean,
And raiſe his hopes to Heaven! Silence then
The whiſper of complaint; low in the duſt
Diſſatisfaction's Dæmons growl unheard!
All, all is good, all excellent below:
Pain is a bleſſing; ſorrow leads to joy,
Joy permanent and ſolid! Every ill
Bears with it love paternal: Nay, even Death,
Grim Death itſelf, in all its horrors clad,
Is Man's ſupremeſt privilege! It frees
The Soul from Priſon, from foul Sin, from Woe,
And gives it back to Glory, Reſt, and God!

When will its welcome meſſage lay at peace
My burden'd, beating Heart?——Oh ſtrange! to point
Thy Darts, inexorable Tyrant, *there*,

Where

Where Life laughs crown'd with roſes; when
theſe arms,
Familiar to thy Siſter Sorrow's fold,
Would ſo delighted hug thee. But thou lov'ſt
Full oft the nobleſt quarry, higheſt aim:
Lov'ſt, unſuſpected, and with ſilent ſtep,
To ſteal on the ſecure: Lov'ſt to deal round
Tremendous and impartial thy ſtern ſtrokes,
Aſſerting terrible o'er human-kind
Thy empire irreſiſtible: And now
At *Monarchs*, now at *Mimicks*, grinning ſcorn,
Thy Hand indifferent hurls the twanging Shaft.

Ah, what a groupe of primeſt Deer lie pierc'd,
Thou Hunter all-victorious, at thy feet;
Since to thy Empire dedicate I fell
From Life's bright Hope, and languiſh'd in this
Grave,
This living, doleful Sepulchre immur'd!

Not

Not all thy Gold or orient Pearl could ſave
Thee, *Luſitania*'s Monarch, from the ſtroke
Impending long and dread! Nor Terrick, thee,
Thy Mitre and thy Rochet! Enſigns bleſt,
When worn with ſanctity; then ſurely chang'd
For Crown of Gold, and Robe of ſpotleſs white!

See, neither can the Coronet, nor Garb
Of ermin'd pomp, from Temple * turn aſide
The level'd Blow; nor, higher far in price,
Th' uplifted ſhield of Janssen's honeſt Heart!
Lo! too, as if in Scorn of purpled pride,
And all Life's glories, in this high parade
Funereal marches,—tragic-Actor now,
He who ſo late light on the comick ſock
Trod the gay ſtage; and bade with Laughter's burſt
Involuntary the throng'd Theatres reſound!

Ah,

* Counteſs of Temple.

Ah, food for worms, poor WOODWARD thou no leſs
Than Patriots, Princes, Counteſſes and Prieſts!
Death ſcorns diſtinctions: But, deſpotic power,
Cloath'd in his direſt terrors, HERE he reigns,
HERE revels! Here, with bittereſt vengeance, ſhakes
O'er trembling *Convicts* his determin'd ſhaft,
And gluts himſelf with horror! See him lead
From yonder darkſome Cell, all pale with woe,
That *Stranger* * ſinking! who, in luckleſs Hour,
With raſh Hand pierc'd the boſom he ador'd,
Nor drank of comfort more! Half in his Heart
The black lance feſtering ſticks; and Death himſelf,
Howe'er relentleſs, ere he drives it home,

Of

* Alluding to Toloſa, a poor unhappy Spaniard, lately executed for the murder of his Female Friend. He took ſcarce any ſuſtenance from the time of the fact, and was more than half dead when convey'd to the place of execution.

Of ſtrange commiſeration feels a pang,
Reluctant to his office !—

But, that ſhriek—
Thrilling with dread—whence is it ! 'Tis the voice
Of female miſery : Burſting thro' the crowd
To the lone Dungeon, view that lovely form *,
Deck'd in the neateſt white,—yet not ſo white
And wan as her wild viſage : " Keep me not,"
Raving ſhe cries, " Keep me not, cruel ! from " him.
" He dies this morn; I know it : He's con- " demn'd ;

* This alludes to a miſerable cataſtrophe, which happened here on the morning of a late execution. The poor young Woman who came to viſit her Huſband, had lain in but ſeven Days. As ſoon as the Huſband's fetters were knock'd off, he ſtepp'd aſide, and cut his throat in a diſmal manner ; but not quite ſufficiently to finiſh his exiſtence :---And in that ſhocking ſtate---paid his debt---at the deſtin'd place!

" The dreadful Judge has done it! He muſt die,
" My Huſband! and I'm come, clad in my beſt,
" To go and ſuffer with him! I have brought
" Sweet flowers to chear him, and to ſtrew his corſe,
" Pale, pale, and ſpeechleſs lies it!—Huſband,
" come!
" The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,
" Smil'd on me, as with parting breath I bleſt,
" And kiſs'd the dear babe for thee! 'Tis but
" young;
" 'Tis tender yet;—ſeven days is young in life;
" Angels will guard my little innocent:
" They'll feed it, tho' *thou* could'ſt not find it
" food,
" And it's poor Mother too!—And ſo thou dy'ſt!
" For me and it thou dy'ſt! But not alone,
" Thou ſhalt not go alone; I will die with thee:
" Sweet Mercy be upon us! Hence, hence, hence!"
Impetuous then, her white arms round his neck
She threw; and with deep groans would pierce a
rock,

Sunk fainting: Oh the Huſband's, Father's pangs,
Stopping all utterance! Up to Heaven he roll'd
His frantic eyes; and ſtaring wildly round
In Deſperation's madneſs, to his heart
Drove the deſtructive ſteel!——Fell Death,
Would'ſt thou a fuller triumph?—Oh my Wife,
How diſmal to our ears the ſhrieks, the groans!—
And what a crowd of wild ideas preſs
Diſtracting on the ſoul! "Merciful Heav'n,
"In pity ſpare us! Say, It is enough,
"And bid the avenging Angel ſtay his hand!"

DEATH bars the plea; and with his thund'ring ſtalk
Bruſhing beſide us, calls, in ſolemn ſound,
Heed to his dart grief-pointed. Its keen ſtroke,
Ah gentle ELEONORA *! gives at once
Relief

* Mrs. Dodd's ſiſter; who, in the midſt of our ſorrows did---what ſhe never did before---augment them, by dying of a heart-broken with grief for our calamity. Oh miſery!

Relief to *thy* o'er-burthen'd breaſt; to *ours*
Anguiſh unutterable! 'Tis ours he wounds,
Thou amiable friend!—whoſe languid eye
Ne'er rais'd a look from earth, ſince that ſad hour
When ſunk my ſun! Thou, who from earlieſt youth
Haſt humbly ſought thy God, thou art at peace:
Happy, thrice happy, on that golden ſhore,
Where from the toſſing of theſe troublous waves
We ſoon ſhall land. Oh, ſtay, Affectionate,
Oh wait, and welcome us! Or, if in Heaven
Bleſt Saints retain concern for thoſe on earth
Held in the deareſt amity, become
Thy darling ſiſter's Guardian! As from youth,
From childhood's dawn, her dear maternal guide,
Be now, lov'd Spirit, in this hour of woe
Her Angel-comfort, her ſupport! Alas,
What talk I of ſupport, thou Mercy's GOD!
When all her conduct, by thy grace inſpir'd—
When all her patient gentleneſs and love,

Her

Her fortitude unparallel'd, and peace,
Have Thee their Author: Be the glory Thine!

But ſay, my ſoul 'midſt theſe alarming calls,
This dread familiarity with Death;
Our common debt, from infancy's firſt cry
Denounc'd, expected, tho' its ſure approach
Lurks in Uncertainty's obſcureſt night;—
Our common debt, which Babes and palſied Seers,
Princes and pilgrims equally muſt pay;—
Say, canſt thou feel reluctance to diſcharge
The claim inevitable? Senſeleſs he,
Who in Life's gaudieſt moments fondly ſtrives
To turn his eyes unheeding from the view
Inſtructive. 'Midſt thoſe moments, deep it dwelt
On my reflecting mind *; a mind which liv'd
More in the future than the preſent world;
Which, frequent call'd by Duty's ſolemn voice
From

* Reflections on Death.——Thoughts on Epiphany,——Sermon on Mutual Knowledge, &c.

From Earth's low ſcenes, on thoſe ſublimer far
Hath ever thought delighted; and thoſe thoughts
Conveying to mankind, in them deſires
Its real tranſcript, its reſemblance true
May be ſurvey'd,—the Picture of itſelf.
For, whatſoe'er may be our earthly State,
The Mind's the Man: My humble labours, then,
When reſts my part corporeal in the duſt,
Hang up my living pourtrait!—And to give
Thoſe labours all their force, ſummon'd I ſtand
By awful Providence, to realize
The theoretic Leſſons I have taught.
And lo! compos'd, I fix my dying ſeal
In atteſtation to their Truth, their Power,
Felt at my heart, my inmoſt conſcience felt;
Imparting triumph o'er Life's Love; o'er Death
Conſummate exultation! while my ſoul
Longs to go forth, and pants for endleſs day!

But

But who can wonder, that amidſt the woes,
Like a ſwoln torrent, which with frightful roar
Have burſt deſtructive o'er me; 'midſt the loſs
Of all things dear, Fame, Honour, Peace, and Reſt;
Amidſt the cruel ſpoiling of my Goods,
The bittereſt rancour of envenom'd Spite,
And Calumny unfeeling *;—what ſurprize
That my wean'd ſoul, above this worldly wreck,
With anxious expectation waits the call
From melancholy Mourning, and dim Grief,
To everlaſting Gladneſs? Powerful Hope,
And all-ſufficient to ſuſtain the ſoul,
Tho' walking thro' the darkeſt vale of woe!

Who ſhall diſprove that Hope? or who pretend
by ſubtle ſophiſtry that ſoul to rob

Of

* Numberleſs letters, of a moſt unchriſtian, horrid, and cruel nature, were continually ſent to him in the height of his diſtreſſes. Yet ſome of theſe letters were ſubſcribed, A Lady, A Chriſtian, or A Chriſtian Brother.

Of its chief anchor, choiceſt privilege,
And nobleſt conſolation—" Steadfaſt Faith
" In great FUTURITY's extended ſcene:
ETERNITY OF BEING?" All things round
Ariſe in brighteſt proof: I ſee it, feel it,
Thro' all my faculties, thro' all my powers
Pervading irreſiſtible. Each groan
Sent from my ſorrowing heart; each ſcalding tear
From my convicted eyes; each fervent Prayer
By meek Repentance offer'd up to Heaven,
Aſſerts my *Immortality!* proclaims
A pardoning Deity, and future world.
Nor leſs the thought, chill, comfortleſs, abhorr'd
Of loath'd *Annihilation!*—From the view,
Humiliating, mean, unworthy Man,
Almoſt unworthy reptiles,—glad I turn,
And triumph in exiſtence! Nay, each ill,
And every mundane trouble preaches loud
The ſame important truth. I read it fair
And legibly engrav'd on all below:

On

On all the inequalities discern'd
In this perplexing, mix'd and motley scene;
In every rank and order of Mankind *;
Nay, in the wisest system of our laws,
Inadequate, imperfect,—and full oft
Unjust and cruel; in this dismal *Jail*,
And in the proudest palaces alike
I read, and glory to trace out the marks
Irrefragably clear of future Life;
Of Retribution's just and equal state.

So REASON urges: while fair NATURE's self,
At this sweet Season † joyfully throws in
Her attestation lovely: bids the Sun,
All-bounteous, pour his vivifying light

To

* See Macleane's Answer to Jenyns. &c. p. 52.

† SPRING: See my Poem on the Epiphany, ver. 131, &c. I would have that Poem considered, in dependence with this, as my Serious Thoughts on these aweful subjects, in an early period of my life; and which, in this last and dreadful one, I find no reason to alter.

To rouſe, and waken from their wintry death
The Vegetable Tribe! Freſh from their Graves,
At his reſiſtleſs ſummons ſtart they forth,
A verdant Reſurrection! In each Plant,
Each Flower, each Tree to blooming Life reſtor'd,
I trace the pledge, the earneſt, and the type
Of Man's Revival; of his future Riſe
And Victory o'er the Grave,—compell'd to yield
Her ſacred, rich depoſit, from the ſeed
Corrupt and mortal, an immortal frame
Glorious and incorruptible; like HIS,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe living power
The mighty work ſhall operate! Yes, bright ſource
Of ſpiritual Life!—the immaterial World
Pervading, quickening, gladdening,—in the Rays
Full-orb'd of REVELATION, thy prime Gift,
I view diſplay'd magnificent and full
What *Reaſon*, *Nature*, in dim darkneſs teach,

Tho' visible, not distinct: I read with joy
Man's high Prerogative; transported read
The certain, clear Discovery of Life
And Immortality, announc'd by Thee,
Parent of Truth, celestial Visitant,
Fountain of all intelligence divine!
Of that high *Immortality* the King,
And of that *Life* the Author! How Man mounts,
Mounts upon Angel-Wings, when fief'd, secur'd
In that sublime Inheritance; when seen
As a terrestial stranger here; a god
Confin'd-a-while in Prison of the flesh,
Soon, soon to soar, and meet his Brother-gods,
His Fellows, in Eternity!——How creeps,
How grovels Human Nature! What a Worm,
An Insect of an Hour, poor, sinful, sad;
Despised and despicable, reptile-like
Crawls Man, his moment on his ant-hill here;
—Marking his little shining path with Slime,—
If limited to Earth, and Earth's brief round,

His

His painful, narrow views! Like the poor Moth,
By lights deluſive to deſtruction led;
Still ſtruggling oft its horrors to evade,
Still more and more involv'd; in Flame he lives
His tranſient toilſome minute; and expires
In ſuffocating Smoak!

HUME, thou art gone!
Amidſt the Catalogue of thoſe mow'd down
By Time's huge Scythe, late noted *; Thou, be ſure,
Waſt not forgotten! AUTHOR, thou haſt gain'd
Thy vaſt Ambition's ſummit: Fame was thine;
Wealth too, beyond thy ampleſt wiſh's bound,
Encompaſs'd thee: And lo, the pageant ends!
For who, without compaſſion's generous tear

Thy

* See Page 150 and Mr. Hume's Life, written by himſelf; with a Letter by Dr. Smith, giving an account of his Death.

Thy Mind, at once capacious and humane,
Can view, to Truth, to Hope immortal dead?
Thy penetrating Reason, subtle, strong,
Hoodwink'd by dark Infatuation's veil;
And all thy fine and manly sense employ'd,
Even on Eternity's thrice-aweful verge,
To trifle with the wonders of a State
Respectably alarming! Of a State
Whose Being gives to *Man*—had given to *Thee*,
(Accepted by the humble hand of Faith)
True *Glory*, solid *Fame*, and boundless Wealth!
Treasures that wax not old.

Oh the high blessings of *Humility!*
Man's first and richest Grace! Of Virtue, Truth,
Knowledge and Exaltation, certain Source,
And most abundant: Pregnant of all good;
And, poor in shew, to treasures infinite
Infallibly conducting; her sure gift!
So, when old *Hyems* has deform'd the Year,

We

We view, on fam'd *Burgundia*'s craggy cliffs,
The ſlow vines, ſcarce diſtinct, on the brown
Earth
Neglected lye and grov'ling;—promiſe poor
From plant ſo humble, of the ſwelling grape
In glowing cluſters purpling o'er the hills:—
When all impregnating rolls forth the Sun,
And from the mean ſtalk pours a luſcious flood
Of juice nectareous thro' the laughing land!

Nervous Eſſayiſt! haply had thy pen,
Of maſculine ability, this theme
Purſu'd intelligent; from lowly Heart
Delineating true the features mild
Of genuine Humility; Mankind,
Now wilder'd by thy ſophiſtry, had bleſs'd
And honour'd well thy teaching: Whilſt thyſelf
Secure had ſail'd and happy; nor been caſt
On Pride's black Rocks, or empty Scorn's bleak
Shore!

Proud

Proud Scorn, how poor and blind! How it at once
Deſtroys the ſight, and makes us think we ſee!
While deſperate Ridicule in Wit's wild hands
Implants a dangerous weapon! How it warps
From clear diſcernment, and concluſions juſt,
Ev'n captive Reaſon's ſelf! How gay ſoe'er—
(Ah miſplac'd gaiety, on ſuch a theme,
In Life's laſt Hour!)—on *Charon's crazy Bark*,
On *Tartarus* and *Elyſium*, and the Pomp
Solemn and dreaded of dark Pagans Hell;
Thy reaſoning powers knew well, full well to draw
Deductions true from Fables groſs as theſe,
By Poet's fancy heighten'd! Well thou knew'ſt
The deep intelligence, the ſolid truth
Conceal'd beneath the myſtic tale; well knew'ſt
Fables like theſe, familiar to Mankind
In every Nation, every Clime, through Earth
Widely diſſeminate, through Earth proclaim'd

In

In language ſtrong, intelligent and clear,
"A future State retributive:" Thou knew'ſt,
That in each Age the *Wiſe* embrac'd the Truth,
And gloried in an Hope, how dim ſoe'er,
Which *Thou*, amidſt the Blaze, the Noon day Blaze
Of Chriſtian information, madly ſcorn'dſt
And dy'dſt inſulting! Hail, of ancient Times,
Worthies and fam'd Believers! *Plato*, hail!
And thou, immortal *Socrates!* of Rome
Prime ornament and boaſt, my *Tully*, hail!
Friend and companion of my ſtudious life,
In eloquence and ſound philoſophy
Alike ſuperlative!—With minds enlarg'd,
Yet teachable and modeſt, how ye ſought,
You and your kindred ſouls,—how daily dug
For Wiſdom, as the Labourer in the Mines!
How grop'd, in Fancy's and dark Fable's night,
Your way aſſiduous, painful! How diſcern'd
By the mind's trembling, unaſſiſted light,—

(Or

(Or, haply, aided by a ſcatter'd ray
Of diſtant *Revelation*, half extinct)
The glimmer of a dawn; the twinkling ſtar
Of Day-light far remote! How ſigh'd ſincere
For fuller information! and how long'd,
How panted for admiſſion to that World
O'er which hung veils impervious! Sages, yes,
Your ſearch ingenuous proves it: every page
Immortal of your writings ſpeaks this truth!
Hear, ye minute Philoſophers; ye herd
Of mean Half-thinkers, who chief glory place
In boldneſs to arraign and judge your God,
And think that ſingularity is ſenſe!
Hear, and be humbled: Socrates himſelf *—
And *him* you boaſt *your Maſter*,—would have fall'n
In humble, thankful reverence at the Feet
Of Jesus—and drank Wiſdom from his Tongue!
Divineſt

* Alluding to his celebrated Wiſh of Divine Illumination from ſome ſuperior Power.

Divineſt Fountain! From the copious Stream
Then drink we freely, gladly, plenteous draughts
Of ever-living Wiſdom; Knowledge clear,
And otherwiſe attainleſs, of that ſtate
Supernal, glorious; where, in Angel-form
And Angel-bleſſednèſs, from Death's dread power,
From Sin's dominion, and from Sorrow's ſenſe,
Emancipated ever, we ſhall ſhare
Complete, uninterrupted, boundleſs bliſs;
Inceſſant flowing forth from GOD's right hand,
Well of perennial joy * | Our moral powers,
By perfect pure Benevolence enlarg'd,
With univerſal Sympathy ſhall glow
Love's flame ethereal! and from GOD himſelf,
Love's primal Source, and ever-bleſſing Sun,
Receive, and round communicate the warmth
Of Gladneſs and of Glory! Then ſhall rule,

* See Pſalm xiv. 12.

From dregs of ſordid intereſt defecate,
Immortal *Friendſhip*. Then too ſhall we trace—
With minds congenial and athirſt for Truth
Sincere and ſimple,—the Creator's works,
Illumin'd by the intellectual ſoul,
Refin'd, exalted!—Animating thought!
To talk with *Plato*, or with *Newton* tread
Thro' Empyrean ſpace the boundleſs track
Of ſtars erratick, or the comet vague
With fiery luſtre wandering thro' the depths
Of the blue void, exhauſtleſs, infinite;
While all its wonders, all its myſtic uſe
Expand themſelves to the admiring ſight!

Deſcending then from the celeſtial range
Of planetary worlds, how bleſt to walk
And trace with thee, Nature's true Lover, HALE,
—In ſcience ſage and venerable—trace
Thro' VEGETATION's principle, the GOD!
Read in each tube, capillary, and root,—

In

In every leaf and bloſſom, fruit and flower,
Creative Energy, conſummate Art,
Beauty and bounty blended and complete!
Oh what a burſt of wiſdom and delight,
Intelligence and pleaſure, to engage
Th' enraptur'd mind for ages! 'Twere too ſhort
Eternity itſelf, with reaſoning queſt
To ſearch, to contemplate great Nature's GOD
Through all his Nature's works! Suns, Stars, and Skies,
With all their vaſt and elemental ſtore:
Seas, with their finny myriads: Birds, that wing
With glittering pinions the elaſtic air,
And fill the woods with muſic: Animals,
That feed, that clothe, that labour for their Lord,
Proud Man; and half up to his reaſon climb
By inſtinct marvellous! Fruits, that infinite
In glow and taſte refreſh Creation's toil;
And Flowers, that rich in ſcent their incenſe ſweet,
—Delicious offering both to GOD and Man,—

Breathe

Breathe free from velvet varigated hues,
And ſpeak celeſtial kindneſs! Then, from theſe
His leſſer wonders—Fam'd *Anatomiſts*,
Ye, who with ſcrupulous, but ſtill painful ſearch
Pore doubtful in the dark receſs of Life;—
Then turn we, *Cheſelden*, to MAN; ſo form'd
With fear and wonder by the Maſter-hand!
And learn we, from diſcovery of the ſprings
Of this divine *Automaton*; the blood
In nimble currents courſing thro' the veins
And purple arteries; the fibres fine;
The tubal nerves, ſo ramified, and quick
To keen ſenſation; all the various parts
So complicate, yet diſtinct; adapted each
Its functions with minuteneſs to fulfill,
While to the one great end concurring all
With harmony unvarying!——Learn we hence
The Wiſdom exquiſite, which gave to life,
To motion, this his prime, his chief machine!
And ſuperadded, in his Love's diſplay,

The

The *ſoul's* ſuperior, intellectual rule;
Connection wonderful! and till that hour
Of all-expanding Knowledge, to Man's mind
Inexplicable ſtill, and ſtill unknown!

How riſe upon the thought, to truth attent,
Truths new and intereſting, 'midſt this field
Of univerſal Science!—Nor ſhall then
The Spirit's ſeat and influence on our frame,
Groſs and material, be alone evolv'd
To our aſtoniſh'd view. SPIRIT itſelf,
Its nature, properties, diſtinctions, powers,
—Deep ſubject of inveſtigation deep,
And chief Reſolver of Man's anxious doubts;
Tho' to his ſight impoſſible, or ſearch,
While darken'd by mortality—ſhall riſe,
Soon as he burſts the barrier of the Grave,
Clear and familiar on his ſight enlarg'd:
Seen in himſelf, beatified, and cloath'd
With ſpiritual glory: in the Angelic world

Seen

Seen and admired. And,—oh extatic view,
Whoſe ſight is perfect bliſs, transforming, pure *,—
Seen and ador'd in Thee, great *Firſt* and *Laſt*,
Sole, ſelf-exiſtent Thou, the gracious Cauſe
Of all exiſtence; Infinitely bleſt,
Yet pleas'd with life and being to impart
That bleſſing to innumerous creatures round!
SPIRIT of the Univerſe, thro' all diffus'd,
And animating all! Dread TRIUNE GOD †,

With

* There muſt be Sympathy in the Future State, to render it uniformly complete and perfect. We can have no pleaſure in GOD, or GOD in Us, but from that ſympathy ariſing from ſimilitude. We muſt be made like GOD to enjoy beatific viſion. Bring a bad man to Heaven, with a ſoul encruſted and ſenſualized, he would have no pleaſure in it, nor could he endure the ſight; any more than reptiles, that grovel in a cave amidſt filth and darkneſs, could endure the ſplendors of the mid-day Sun. Shakeſpear's deſcription is, in this view, highly animated:

"For Vice, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
"Would ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
"And prey on garbage."

† See Maclean's Anſwer to Jenyns, p. 72.

With beams exhauſtleſs of Eternal Love;
Of Life, of Glory, from thy Central Throne
Shining beneficent; and kindling warm
In every Being ſubject to thy Rule,
Thy wonderous, wide Infinitude of Rule,
Devotion's Rapture and Thankſgiving's Song;
Melliſluous Songs, and Hallelujahs high!

New wonders elevate! For not alone
By Contemplation up to Nature's GOD
From Nature's works aſcending, ſhall the Soul
Beatified receive in future Bliſs
Acceſſions of Delight through endleſs day:
Lo, what a ſcene, engaging and profound,
Preſents itſelf—the darkening curtain drawn—
From the high Acts of *Providence*, diſplay'd
In one clear view conſiſtent; in one end
Important, grand, concent'ring: one deſign
Superlatively gracious, through the whole
Purſu'd invariably; e'en from the hour

When

When pass'd the sentence on the Serpent's head,
To that thrice-awful moment, when the SON
His Victor-Car o'er Death and Hell shall drive
Triumphant, and bolt fast the gates of Time!

Unroll'd the mystic Volume, we behold
In characters of wisdom strong pourtray'd
The Rise and Fall of Empires; in thy hand
Omnipotent, or instruments of good,
Or of thy Justice punitive and dread
Awful dispensers! There, of Heroes, Kings,
Sages and Saints, of Prophets and of Priests,
Thy distributions, difficult but wise,
Discerning, shall we gratefully adore:
And in the long, long chain of seeming Chance,
And Accidents fortuitious, shall trace
Omniscience all-combining, guiding all!
No dispensations then will seem too hard,
Through temporary ills to blissful life
Leading, tho' labyrinthal! All will shine
In open day: all, o'er the mighty plan,

Discover

Diſcover THEE, with Wiſdom infinite
Preſiding glorious: All thy ſtedfaſt truth,
And love paternal, manifeſt; while falls
The proſtrate World of Spirits, Angels, Saints,
In Adoration's homage 'fore thy throne!

Nor to our Earth, or Earth's poor confines bound;
The Soul dilated, glorified and free,
On Seraph's wings ſhall ſoar, and drink in glad,
New draughts of high delight from each ſurvey
Of its Creator's Kingdoms! Pleas'd ſhall paſs
From ſtar to ſtar; from planetary worlds,
And ſyſtems far remote, to ſyſtems, worlds
Remoter ſtill, in boundleſs depths of Space;
Each peopled with its myriads: and ſhall learn
The wiſe and ſtrict dependance of the whole;
Concatenation ſtriking of Thy works,
All-perfect, mighty Maſter! Wonder-loſt
In the vaſt view of Syſtems numberleſs,

All regular, in one eternal round
Of beauteous order rolling! All design'd
With skill consummate; tending to one goal;
And manifesting all, in characters
Transparent as the diamond's brilliant blaze,
Their Sovereign Ruler's *Unity of Will*,
His all-efficient *Wisdom*, and his *Love*,
In Grace and Glory infinite; the chain
Connecting firm, and through its every link
Transfusing Life's ineffable delights!
Oh Goodness Providential! sleepless Care!
Intent, as ever blest, to bless the whole!
What plaudits from that Whole are due, shall burst
From full Creation's Universal Choir!

Then, oh transporting! shall the Scheme profound,
Heaven's labour, and of Angels' anxious thought
Sublimest meditation;—then shall blaze
In fullest Glory on the Race redeem'd,

Repemption's

REDEMPTION's boundleſs Mercy!—High in Heav'n,
To millions bleſt, rejoicing in its Grace,
And hymning all its bounties, ſhall the *Croſs*,
Thy Croſs, All-conquering SAVIOUR! be diſplay'd;
While Seraphs veil their glories; and while men,
Thronging innumerable proſtrate fall
Before thy feet; and to the bleeding LAMB
Aſcribe their *free Salvation!*—

'Midſt that throng
Of Spirits juſtified, and thro' Thy blood
Cleans'd, perfected and bleſt, might *I* be found,
To ſcenes ſo high exalted; to ſuch views
Ennobling brought, ſuch intellect refin'd,
Such Light and Love, ſuch Holineſs and Peace;
Such Spheres of Science, and ſuch Realms of Reſt!
Ah, how I'd ſcorn the paſſage ſtrait of Death,
How doleful e'er, and horrid! How I'd look

With

With ſteadfaſtneſs unſhaken through the Grave,
And ſmile o'er all its ſadneſs! How I'd riſe
Exulting, great Forunner, o'er the waves
And bitterneſs of Life! How, ſmiling, court
E'en the fell hand of Horror, to diſmiſs
From Earth, from Darkneſs, my delighted ſoul
To Heaven, to God, and everlaſting Day!

Teacher of Truth, bleſt Jesu!—On the throne
Of majeſty co-equal, Thou who ſitt'ſt
From all Eternity in Glory's blaze
With thy Almighty Father! Thou, benign,
From boſom of that Father haſt brought down
Intelligence to Man of this bleſt ſtate.
Conſolatory, rational; and fraught
With every good beyond the higheſt reach
Of Man's ſupreme conception! How ſhall then
In equal language Man his homage pay,
Or grateful laud thy goodneſs! Sons of *Greece*,
Or ye, who in old Times, of ſevenfold *Nile*,

Proud

Proud *Tyber*, or the *Ganges'* ſacred flood
Religious drank, and to your dæmons dark
Paid Superſtition's tribute;—tho' I trace
Delighted, in your viſions of the world
Beyond the Grave, your dreams of Future Life;—
Proofs of that Life's firm credence, of your Faith
In the ſoul's deathleſs Nature;—Yet with tears
Of human Pity, humbled o'er the ſenſe
Of human Imbecillity, I read
Your futile fables, puerile and poor;
To the Soul's life, to Virtue's godlike Love
Unanimating, uſeleſs; while illum'd
By *Goſpel-ſplendor*,—elſe, no doubt, as dark
And worthy pity—owns my heart rejoic'd,
That Goſpel's eminence of Wiſdom, Truth,
And heavenly Emanation, in its traits
Of future Life ſuperlatively drawn!

And who could paint that life, that ſcene deſcribe
Immortal, and All-glorious,—from the view

Of

Of mortals ſhrouded ever,—ſave the Son,
Who from Eternity that life enjoy'd;
And came in condeſcenſion to reveal
A glimpſe of its perfection to Mankind?

Preſumption vain and arrogant, in *Man*,
To think of ſketching with his weak, faint line,
A ſcene ſo much above him! And behold
That vain Preſumption puniſh'd as it ought,
In *Araby's Impoſtor*, dark and lewd;
Who dar'd, with temporary follies fraught,
And low Self-intereſt, ſtalking in the van
Of mad Ambition's route—to cheat his train,
Deluded by his darings, with the hope
Of ſenſual raviſhment, and carnal joys
Perpetual in the Paradiſe of GOD;
Reſerv'd—for Sons of Murder and of Luſt!

Shame on the impious madneſs! Nor leſs ſhame
Muſt Truth indignant dart on thoſe, who boaſt

Excluſive

Exclusive Christianity; yet dare,
Presumptuous, in their fancied Penal Fire
To fetter the free Soul, "till the foul sins
"Done in its days of nature be purged out,
"And burn'd away *;" unless by lucky chance
The oft-repeated *mass*, thro' potent gold,—
All sacred influence!—gain'd, unlocks the door
Of dismal Prison-house; and gives the soul
Enfranchis'd, up to PETER's better care!

Prepostrous, weak delusion! strange reproach
To Christian sapience, and to manly sense!
But not to CHRIST's true *Gospel*, and the Code
Of Revelation pure; before whose Light,
Resplendently informing, Fables old
Like these, and vain (of Ignorance the birth,
Or coinage sacerdotal, in an age
Of gross Cimmerian darkness,) growling hide
Their ignominious heads: As birds of night,

Reptiles

* See Hamlet.

Reptiles, and beasts of prey before the Sun,
Mounting the misty hills, in splendor rob'd,
And beaming all around refulgent Day!

Other, far other, from that Luminous Code
Breaks on the rational, enlighten'd mind
In perfect Beauty that exalted state,
Of whose high excellence our sight hath dar'd,
How dim soe'er, to take an humble glimpse;
A peep into its wonders!—But what tongue
Of Man in language adequate can tell,
What mortal pencil worthily pourtray
That Excellence, those Wonders? where nor *Death*,
Nor *Sin*, nor *Pain* shall enter ever;—where
Each Ill excluded, every Good shall reign;
Where Day shall ne'er decline; but ceaseless Light
—The Lamb's eternal lustre-blazing bless
With salutary Glory! where shall smile
One spring unvarying; and glad Nature teem

Spontaneous

Spontaneous with exuberance of Bounty!
Where, in immortal health, the Frame ſublim'd,
Refin'd, exalted thro' the chymick Grave,
In union with the Soul made perfect, pure,
And to the likeneſs of its God transform'd;
Shall find for every ſenſe divine employ,
Gratification ample, exquiſite,
Angelical and holy: Chief in ſight,
In viſion beatific of its GOD;
In bleſt communion of his Love; in praiſe,
High choral praiſe, ſtrung to the golden harp
In uniſon eternal, with the throng,
Thouſands of Thouſands that ſurround the Throne,
And feel his praiſe their Glory and their Bliſs!

There too his Works, conſtant th' adoring Soul
Shall pleas'd inveſtigate; and conſtant find
Freſh well-ſpring of delight; there conſtant ſhare

The lov'd Society and Converſe high
Of all the Good, the Wiſe, the truly Great
Of every Age and Clime; with Saints and Seers
Divine communication holding, rapt
Perpetually in new and deep diſplays
Of Wiſdom boundleſs, and of perfect Love.
Then too, oh Joy! amidſt this blaze of good,
This conſummation rich of higheſt bliſs;
Then ſhall we meet,—meet never more to part,
Dear, dear, departed Friends! and then enjoy
Eternal Amity. My *Parents* then,
My *Youth's Companions* * !——From my moiſten'd cheeks
Dry the unworthy Tear! Where art Thou, *Death?*
Is This a cauſe for mourning?—What a ſtate
Of Happineſs exalted lies before me!
Lo, my bar'd boſom Strike:—I court the blow:
I long,

* See Thoughts on the Epiphany, v. 331, &c.

I long, I pant for everlasting Day,
For Glory, Immortality, and GOD!

BUT AH! why droops my Soul? why o'er me thus
Comes a chill cloud? Such triumph well besuits
The *faithful* Christian; *Thee* had suited well,
If haply persevering in the Course,
As first thy Race exultingly began.
But Thou art fallen, fallen! Oh, my Heart,
What dire compunction!—sunk in foul offence,
A Prisoner, and condemn'd: An outcast vile;
Bye-word and scorn of an indignant world,
Who reprobate with Horror thy ill Deeds;
Turn from thee loath'd; and to damnation just
Assign, unpitying, thy devoted Head,
Loaded with every Infamy!

Dread GOD
Of Justice and of Mercy! wilt *Thou* too,

In

In fearful Indignation on my Soul,
My anguish'd Soul, the door of pity close,
And shut me from Thee ever?—Lo! in dust,
Humiliant, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy Throne—
Before thy Cross, oh dying Friend of Man,
Friend of repentant Sinners, I confess,
And mourn my deep Transgressions, as the sand
Innumerous, as the glowing crimson red:
With every Aggravation, every Guilt
Accumulate and burden'd! Against Light,
'Gainst Love and clearest Knowledge perpetrate!
Stamp'd with *Ingratitude*'s most odious stain;
Ingratitude to THEE; whose favouring Love
Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with Grace,
With Goodness far beyond my wish or worth!
Ingratitude to *Man*: whose partial Ear
Attended to my Doctrine with delight;
And from my Zeal conspicuous justly claim'd
conspicuous Example!——Lord, I sink
O'erwhelm'd with self-conviction, with dismay,

With

With anguiſh and confuſion paſt compare!
And could I weep whole Seas of briny Tears
In painful penitence; could I deplore
From my Heart's aching Fountain, Drop by Drop,
My Crimes and Follies; my deep Grief and Shame,
For vile diſhonour on thy Goſpel brought;
For vile diſcredit to my Order done;
For deep Offence againſt my Country's Laws;
For deep Offence to Piety and Man;
A patriarchal Age would be too ſhort
To ſpeak my Sorrows, and lament my Sins;
Chief, as I am, of Sinners! Guiltier far
Than HE who, falling, at the Cock's ſhrill call
Roſe, and repented weeping: Guiltier far——
I dare not ſay, than *Judas*; for my Heart
Hath ever lov'd,—could never have betray'd,
Oh never, never, *Thee*, dear Lord! to Death;
Tho' cruelly, unkindly and unwiſe,

That

That Heart hath ſacrific'd its Truth and Peace,
—For what a ſhameful, what a paltry Price!—
To Sin, deteſted Sin; and done Thee wrong,
Oh bleſſed Source of all its Good, its Hope!
For tho', thus ſunk, thus ſinful, ſorrowing thus,
It dare not, cannot *Judas'* Crime commit,
Laſt Crime,—and of thy Mercy, Lord, *deſpair!*
But, conſcious of its Guilt; contrite and plung'd
In loweſt ſelf abjection, in the depths
Of ſad compunction, of repentance due
And undiſſembled, to thy CROSS it cleaves,
And cries for——ardent cries for Mercy, Lord!
Mercy, its only Refuge! Mercy, CHRIST!
By the Red Drops that in the Garden guſh'd
'Midſt thy Soul's anguiſh from Thee! By the
Drops
That down thy precious Temples, from the
Crown
Of Agony diſtill'd! By thoſe that flow'd
From thy pierc'd Hands, and bleſſed Feet ſo free;
By all thy Blood, thy Sufferings, and thy Death,

Mercy,

Mercy, oh Mercy, JESUS! Mercy, Thou,
Who erſt on DAVID, with a clement Eye,
When mourning at thy Footſtool, deign'dſt to look!
Thou, who th' adulterous *Magdalen* forgav'ſt,
When in the winning garb of penitence
Contrite ſhe knelt, and with her flowing Tears
Waſh'd lowly thy lov'd Feet! Nor Thou the *Thief*,
Even in the laſt, the bittereſt Hour of Pain,
Refuſed'ſt, gracious! Nor wilt thou refuſe
My humble ſupplication! nor reject
My broken, bleeding Heart, thus offer'd up
On true Contrition's Altar; while thro' Thee,
Only thro' Thee acceptance do I hope,
Thou bleeding Love! conſummate Advocate,
Prevailing Interceſſor, great High Prieſt,
Almighty Sufferer! Oh look pitying down!
On thy ſufficient Merits I depend;
From thy unbounded Mercies I implore.

The

The Look of Pardon, and the Voice of *Grace*,—
Grace, Grace!—Victorious Conqueror over Sin;
O'er Death, o'er Hell, for Me, for all Mankind;
For Grace I plead: Repentant at thy Feet
I throw myſelf, unworthy, loſt, undone;
Truſting my Soul, and all its dear concerns
With filial reſignation to thy Will:
Grace,—ſtill on Grace my whole reliance built!
Glory to Grace triumphant!—and to Thee,
Diſpenſer bounteous of that ſovereign Grace!
JESUS, thou King of Glory! At thy call
I come obedient: Lo, the future World
Expands its views tranſporting! Lord, I come;
And in that World Eternal truſt to 'plaud,
With all Redemption's Sons, thy Glorious Grace!

Then farewell, oh, my Friends! light o'er my Grave
The green ſod lay, and dew it with the Tear
Of Memory affectionate! And *You*

—The

—The Curtain dropt deciſive—oh, my Foes,
Your rancour drop; and, candid, as I am
Speak of Me, hapleſs! Then you'll ſpeak of ONE,
Whoſe Boſom beat at Pity's gentleſt touch
From earlieſt infancy: Whoſe boyiſh mind
In acts humane and tender ever joy'd;
And who,—that temper by his inmoſt ſenſe
Approv'd and cultivate with conſtant care,—
Melted thro' Life at Sorrows plaintive tale;
And urg'd, compaſſionate with pleaſure ran
To ſoothe the Sufferer, and relieve the Woe!
Of ONE, who, though to humble Fortune bred,
With ſplendid Generoſity's bright form
Too ardently enamour'd, turn'd his ſight
Deluded, from Frugality's juſt care,
And Parſimony needful! ONE, who ſcorn'd
Mean love of Gold, yet to that power,—his ſcorn
Retorting vengeful,—a mark'd victim fell!
Of ONE, who, unſuſpecting, and ill-form'd

For the World's ſubtleties, his bare breaſt bore
Unguarded, open; and ingenuous thought
All Men ingenuous, frank and open too!
Of ONE, who, warm with human paſſions, ſoft
To tendereſt impreſſions, frequent ruſh'd
Precipitate into the tangling maze
Of Error;—inſtant to each fault alive!
Who, in his little Journey through the World—
Miſ-led, deluded oft, miſtook his way;
Met with bad Roads and Robbers, for his ſteps
Inſidious lurking: And, by cunning craft
Of Fellow-Travellers ſometimes deceiv'd,
Severely felt of Cruelty and Scorn,
Of Envy, Malice, and of ill Report *,

The

* The following is a ſtriking Inſtance; and an alarming proof, that Calumny and Slander will one day grievouſly afflict the conſcious mind.--A Clergyman, with whom I had lived in much Friendſhip, always ready to ſhew him every proof of civility, and for whom I had much eſteem; after an abſence

The heavy Hand oppreſſive! ONE, who brought
—From Ignorance, from Indiſcretion blind,—
Ills numerous on his Head; but never aim'd,
Nor

ſence of a twelve-month or more, ſent me a line, that he was then in a dangerous ſtate, apprehenſive of ſpeedy death, and very anxious to ſee me as ſoon as poſſible. I flew to my Friend with all zeal and ſpeed; and found him, as it ſeemed, in a very dangerous way. Almoſt as ſoon as he ſaw me, he burſt into tears, and claſping my hands vehemently, ſaid, "Oh, my Dear Doctor! I could not die in peace without "ſeeing you, and earneſtly imploring your pardon. For "amidſt all the ſeeming friendſhip I ſhewed, I have been "your bitter Enemy! I have done all I could on every occa- "ſion to traduce and leſſen you! Envy, baſe Envy alone, "being my motive; for I could not bear the brilliancy of "your reputation, and the ſplendor of your abilities. Can "you forgive me?"

I was ſhocked; but with great truth told him to be perfectly at peace; that he had my moſt ſincere forgiveneſs;---I did all I could to ſoothe his mind. He recovered; and ſurely muſt ever be my Friend! Would to God what he then ſuffered may be a warning to him, and to all, how they indulge ſuch diabolical paſſions; which, as being moſt oppoſite to the God who is Love, cannot but ſooner or later woefully diſtract the Heart!

Nor wiſh'd an Ill or Injury to Man!
Injur'd, with chearful readineſs forgave;
Nor for a moment in his happy Heart
Harbour'd of Malice or Revenge a Thought:
Still glad and bleſt to avenge his Foes deſpite
By Deeds of Love benevolent!——Of ONE—
Oh painful contradiction! who in GOD,
In Duty, plac'd the ſummit of his Joy;
Yet left that GOD, that bliſsful Duty left,
Prepoſterous, vile Deſerter! and receiv'd
A juſt return—" Deſertion from his GOD,
" And conſequential plunge into the depth
" Of all his preſent——of all human Woe!"

Then hear his ſufferings! Hear, (if found too faint
His feeble *Song* to win attention) Hear,
And heed his *Dying Counſel!* Cautious, ſhun
The Rocks on which He ſplit. Cleave cloſe to GOD,
Your Father, ſure Protector, and Defence:

Forſake

Forſake not his lov'd Service; and your Cauſe
Be ſure HE'll ne'er forſake. Initiate once
Happy and proſperous, in *Religion*'s Courſe
Oh perſevere unfainting! Nor to Vice
Or tempting Folly ſlighteſt parley give:
Their black Tents never enter: On the watch
Continue unremitting, nor e'er ſlack
The neceſſary guard. Trivial neglects,
Smalleſt beginnings *, to the wakeful Foe
Open the door of danger;—and down ſinks,
Thro' the minuteſt Leak once ſprung, the Ship
In gayeſt and moſt gallant tackle trim.
By ſmall neglects HE fell!—

Oh could YE riſe,
BLEST MINISTERS OF PEACE, by his ſad Fall;
Gather

* Principiis obſta: ſero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moràs.
Sed propera; nec te venturas differ in horas.
Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.
OV. R. A. Lib. 1. L. 91.

Gather increaſe of caution and of zeal;
And, ſeeing on what ſlippery edge we ſtand,
Of foul and fatal lapſe take the more heed;—
With deeper thankfulneſs He'd bow the knee,
While thus his Fate productive prov'd of good
To you, of Truth bleſt Heralds! whom he views
With heart-felt anguiſh ſcandaliz'd, impugn'd
By his atrocious Follies: But for that
Not honour'd leſs, or honourable, if rous'd,
Ev'n by his errors, wiſely you maintain
Your high Profeſſion's dignity; and look
With ſingle Eye intent on the great work
Thrice holy, of your Calling; happieſt Work
Of Mortals here, "Salvation of Men's Souls."

Oh envied PASTOR, who thus occupied
Looks down on low Preferment's diſtant views
Contemptible; nor e'er his plotting Mind
To little, mean Servilities enſlaves;
Forgetting duty's exerciſe ſublime,
And his attachments heavenly! Who nor joins

In

In frivolous converſe on the riſe of this,
Nor proſpects flattering of that *worldly Clerk*;
Strange inconſiſtency! marching aloft
With ſtep ſuperior and Ambition's paw
To Dignity's wiſh'd Summit!—Nor allows
Envious, or ſpreads malicious the low Tales
Diminiſhing of *Brethren*, who by zeal,
Or Eminence of merit in the Cauſe,
The common Cauſe of *Chriſt*, diſtinguiſh'd ſhine;
Of futile politicks and party rage
Who, heedleſs, ever for the Powers that be
In meek ſincerity implores; and lives
Only to ſpread around the Good, the Peace,
The Truth, the Happineſs his open Heart
Innocuous poſſeſſes, as the Gift
Of Him, the GOD of Peace he ſerves and loves!

Much envied PASTOR! Ah, ye Men of GOD,
Who crowd the Levee, Theatre, or Court;
Foremoſt in each Amuſement's idle walk;

Of

Of Vice and Vanity the ſportive ſcorn,
The vaunted Pillars;—ah, that ye were All
Such happy, envied *Paſtors!* How Mankind
With Eyes of Reverence would devoutly look,
How would yourſelves with Eyes of Pleaſure look
On Characters ſo uniform! while now,
What view is found leſs pleaſing to the ſight!

Nor wonderful, my AGED FRIENDS! For none
Can inward look complacent, where a void
Preſents its deſolations drear and dark.
Hence 'tis You turn (incapable to bear
Reflection's juſt reſentment) your lull'd minds
To Infantine Amuſements; and employ
The Hours,—ſhort Hours, indulgent Heav'n affords
For purpoſes moſt ſolemn, in the toil
Of buſy trifling; of diverſions poor,
Which irritate as often as amuſe,
Paſſions moſt low and ſordid! With due ſhame,

With

With Sorrow I regret—Oh pardon me
This mighty wrong!—that frequent by your ſide
Silent I've ſat, and with a pitying eye
Your follies mark'd, and unadmoniſh'd left,
Tho' tenderly lamenting! Yet, at laſt,
—If haply not too late my friendly call
Strike on dead ears, Oh profit by that call!
And, to the Grave approaching, its alarms
Weigh with me all-conſiderate! Brief *Time*
Advances quick in tread; few hours and dark
Remain: Thoſe hours in frivolous employ
Waſte not impertinent; they ne'er return!
Nor deem it dulneſs to ſtand ſtill and pauſe,
When dread Eternity hath claims ſo high.
Oh be thoſe claims fulfill'd!

Nor, my YOUNG FRIENDS,
Whom Life's gay Sunſhine warms with laughing joy,
Paſs you thoſe claims unheeding!—In the bud

Of earlieſt Roſe oft have I ſorrowing ſeen
The canker-worm lurk blighting; oft, ere noon,
The Tulip have beheld drop its proud head
In eminent beauty open'd to the morn!
In Youth, in Beauty, in Life's outward charms
Boaſt not ſelf-flattering; Virtue has a grace,
Religion has a power, which will preſerve
Immortal your true Excellence! Oh give
Early and happy your young hearts to GOD!
And GOD will ſmile in countleſs bleſſings on you!
Nor, captivate by Faſhion's idle glare,
And the World's ſhews deluſive, dance the maze,
The ſame dull round, fatiguing and fatigu'd;
Till, diſcontented, down in Folly's ſeat,
And Diſappointment's, worthleſs, toil'd, you ſink,
Deſpiſing and deſpis'd! Your gentle hearts
To kind impreſſions yet ſuſceptible,

Will

Will amiably hear a *Friend*'s Advice:
And if, perchance, amidſt the giddy whirl
Of circling Folly, *his* unheeding tongue
Hath whiſper'd Vanity, or not announc'd
Truth's ſalutary dictates to your ears;
Forgive the injury, my Friends belov'd;
And ſee Me now, ſollicitous t' atone
That, and each fault, each error; with full eyes
Intreating you, by all your Hopes and Fears,
By all your dear Anxieties; by all
You hold in Life moſt precious, to attend,
To liſten to his Lore! to ſeek for Bliſs
In GOD, in Piety; in hearts devote
To Duty and to Heav'n! And ſeeking thus,
The Treaſure is your own. *Angels* on earth,
Thus pure and good, ſoon will ye mount, and live
Eternal Angels with your Father—GOD!

Of

Of admonition due, juſt ſelf-contempt,
And frank Expoſtulation's honeſt charge,
The needful Debt thus paid; haſte thou, my Song,
As haſtes my life,—brief ſhadow,—to its cloſe!

Then farewell, oh my Friends, moſt valued! bound
By Conſanguinity's endearing tye,
Or Friendſhip's noble ſervice, manly love,
And generous obligations! See, in All
—And ſpare the Tear of Pity—Heav'n's high Will
Ordaining wiſe and good. *I* ſee, *I* own
His diſpenſation, howſoever harſh,
To my hard Heart, to my rebellious Soul
Needful and ſalutary! His dread Rod
Paternal, lo, I kiſs! and to the ſtroke
Severe, ſubmiſſive, thankfully reſign!

It weans me from the World; it proves how vain,
How poor the Life of erring Man!—hath taught,
Experimentally hath taught, to look
With Scorn, with Triumph upon Death;—to wish
The moment come!——Oh were that moment come;
When, launch'd from all that's ſinful here below,
Securely I ſhall ſail along the Tide
Of glorious Eternity! My friends,
Belov'd and honour'd, Oh that we were launch'd,
And ſailing happy there, where ſhortly all
Muſt one day fail! Oh that in peaceful Port
We all were landed! all together ſafe
In everlaſting Amity and Love,
With GOD, our GOD; our Pilot thro' the Storms

Of this Life's Sea!—But, why the frivolous
wiſh?
Set a few Suns,—a few more days decline;
And I ſhall meet you,—oh the gladſome hour!
Meet you in Glory,—nor with flowing tears,
Afflicted drop my Pen, and ſigh, *Adieu!*

END OF THE FIFTH WEEK.

PIECES

*** In a Poſtſcript to a Friend, the Author writes thus: "I forgot to requeſt my good Friend to tell Mr. HANWAY, that in one of my little melancholy Poems, written in this dreary Place, I have made ſuch mention of him as I think his attention to the Improvement of Jails demands:—That I earneſtly preſs him, as a Chriſtian and a Man, to purſue that Improvement with Zeal:—That much, very much is to be done:—And that while the ſtate of Priſons remains as it is, the Legiſlature has ſome reaſon to charge itſelf with the greater part of the Robberies, &c. committed. For the Offenders for petty crimes are here harden'd in almoſt every ſpecies of Vice; and turn'd out, neceſſary Plunderers of the Public, from the depravity of their unalter'd diſpoſition, and the deficiency of proper employment. I have felt much on this ſubject ſince I have been here; and expreſſed ſomething of it in the Poem. See Week the Third."

PIECES

FOUND AMONGST THE

AUTHOR's PAPERS in PRISON,

WITH

HIS LAST PRAYER.

ADMONITION.

I.

THE ADMONITION.

AFFLICTED Priſoner, whoſoe'er thou art,
To this lone Room unhappily confin'd;
Be thy firſt buſineſs here to ſearch thy heart,
And probe the deep corruptions of thy mind!

Struck with the foul Tranſgreſſions thou haſt wrought,
With Sin,—the ſource of all thy worldly woe;
To Shame, to Sorrow, to Conviction brought,
Oh fall before the Throne of Mercy low!

With true REPENTANCE pour thy ſoul in Prayer,
And fervent plead the *Saviour's* cleanſing blood:
FAITH's ardent Cry will pierce the FATHER's Ear,
And CHRIST's a Plea which cannot be withſtood!

II.

SCRIPTURE-PENITENTS.

(A FRAGMENT.)

FIRST in the Liſt of PENITENTS we place
The Sinful Parent of our Sinful Race;
Who, by Temptation foil'd, and Man's firſt Foe,
"Brought Death into the World, and all our
"woe!"

Tranſgreſſions's debt how deeply does he pay!
Depriv'd of Innocence; to Death a prey;
From Paradiſe expell'd; to Toil aſſign'd,—
Toil of the fainting Frame, and ſick'ning Mind!
And doom'd to ſhed, for near a thouſand years,
O'er fall'n deſcendants, penitential Tears!

Thus ſeiz'd the *triple League* * on mortal Man,
And thus, REPENTANCE, thy ſad Reign began.
Yet,

* Sin, Sorrow, and Death.

Yet, awful Power, how bleſt beneath thy ſway,
Who feel *Contrition*'s dictates, and obey;
Their vicious deviations who deteſt,
And hold *Faith*'s Croſs, all-humbled, to their breaſt!
From God's lov'd preſence then they need not fly *;
Nor ope in Wrath the Flood-gates of the Sky:
For ſince to Man Perfection was denied,
By Thee his Deep demerits are ſupplied:
And, led by Thee a Suppliant to the Throne,
The God of Mercy looks with pity down;
Smiles on the Mourner; and delights to prove
How free is Graee, and how triumphant Love!

Eternal Proof! See, bath'd in floods of tears,
Where David foremoſt in thy train appears:
How deep his crime, the Prophet pictures well;
How deep his penitence, thoſe ſorrows tell!

That,

* As Cain, Gen. iv. 14, 16.

That, whether to deplore the crime, or bleſs,
We ſtand ſuſpended; ſince its evil leſs,
Leſs bright his Soul's ingenuous grief had ſhone,
And leſs at once his comfort, and our own!

Hear, like a Torrent how his Sorrows roll;
Conviction's tempeſt tearing up his ſoul!
Hear, ſad and ſolemn, to the mournful ſtrings,
In trembling anguiſh, how he weeps and ſings!

"MERCY, oh Mercy Lord! with humble heart,
"For thy known pity's ſake, mercy I pray!
"Boundleſs in tender mercies as Thou art,
"Take, Lord! oh take my foul offence away!

"Oh, from my loathſome guilt, waſh, cleanſe my
"ſoul;
"Remove, dear Father! each defiling ſtain:
"Guilty, oh, guilty, Lord! I own the whole;
"I ſee, I feel it; all excuſe is vain.

"Againſt

" Againſt Thee, Lord, ev'n Thee, have I tranſ-
" greſs'd ;
" Lo, ſelf-convicted, I before Thee fall !
" Juſt are thy Words ; their Truth is thus con-
" feſs'd ;
" Juſt are thy Judgments ! Sinners are we all.

" Prone to offend, or e'er to birth I came,
" My Mother, when conceiving, gave me guilt :
" Shapen in Sin was my corrupted frame,
" When in the Womb that wond'rous frame
" was built.

" But THOU, of purer Eyes than guilt to view,
" Thou wilt accept the Soul's ſincere deſire ;
" Pardon the paſt, the humbled Heart renew,
" And wiſdom by thy Secret-One inſpire.

" Then liſten to my cry ; and oh, my God !
" Purge me with Hyſſop, and I pure ſhall grow ;
" Waſh me, foul Leper, in the myſtic blood,
" And whiter I ſhall be than whiteſt ſnow

" Again

" Again the Voice of Gladneſs let me hear,
" Thy voice of pard'ning Love ; for it is ſweet :
" The Soul dejected ſo ſhalt thou uprear,—
" The Worm, which, cruſh'd, lies trembling
" at thy Feet.

" Hide from my Sins,—the objects of thy hate,—
" Oh hide thy face, and blot them from thy
" view :
" A clean Heart, God of Grace, in me create,
" And a right Spirit in my Soul renew !

" From thy lov'd Preſence let me not be driv'n ;
" Let me not loſe thy bleſſed Spirit's aid.
" Again the joy of thy Salvation giv'n,
" Uphold, ſupport, ſuſtain my Heart diſmay'd.

" Then, of thy pardoning Mercy ſatisfy'd,
" Thy pardoning Mercy loud will I proclaim :
" So ſhall Tranſgreſſors, taught by me confide
" In thy compaſſions ; turn, and bleſs thy Name.

" Ah !

" Ah! my Soul ſhudders!—From the Guilt of
" Blood,
" Oh, from blood-guiltineſs deliver me!
" Oh God, deliver—my ſalvation's God!
" And praiſe unceaſing will I pay to Thee.

" Permit my Lips, now clos'd by guilt and ſhame,
" Thy pardoning Love, JEHOVAH, to expreſs;
" Then to the liſt'ning World I'll tell thy Name,
" Proclaim thy Praiſe, and ſing thy Righteouſneſs.

" For crimes like mine no offerings can atone;
" The gift of outward Sacrifice is vain:
" Could theſe avail, before thy righteous Throne
" Whole hecatombs I gladly would have ſlain.

" The contrite ſpirit, and the ſighs ſincere,
" Which from the broken, bleeding Heart ariſe,
" To Thee more pleaſing ſacrifices are;
" Are Gifts, my God, which thou wilt not deſpiſe.

" Hear

" Hear then, and ſave! and to my People, Lord;
" Thy ſaving Mercy graciouſly extend!
" Oh let our *Zion* live in thy regard;
" The walls of our *Jeruſalem* defend!

" So ſhall the Righteous to thy Temple go,
" And joyful bring their Off'ring, and their
" Praiſe:
" So ſhall the Blood of Lambs in plenty flow,
" And Incenſe on thy Altar copious blaze *!"

With Joy, with Grief, the Penitent I ſee,
Offending Heav'n, yet Heav'n-abſolv'd, for Me!
Oh while, like his, I feel my guilt and ſhame,
Be my Repentance and my Grief the ſame!
Then ſhall the truth which cheer'd his Heart, be mine;
Thy GOD has pardon'd thee, and Life is thine.

But hark, my Soul! what melancholy ſound
Re-echoes from the *Dungeon*'s dark profound!

Hear

* See Pſalm 51. and Chriſtian's Magazine, Vol. 3. p. 134.

Hear, ſympathetic hear: A King complains,
Fall'n from his Throne, a Priſoner, and in chains!

" God of the World, at length thy Rule I own;
" And proſtrate fall before thy boundleſs Throne:
" Thy Power reſiſtleſs, trembling I confeſs,
" In threat'nings awful, but in love no leſs!

" Oh what a bleſſing has that Love aſſign'd,
" By penitence to heal the wounded mind!
" By penitence to Sinners, who, like Me,
" More than th' unnumber'd ſands that ſhore
" the Sea,
" My crimes acknowledge; which, of crimſon
" dye,
" In all their ſcarlet Horrors meet my Eye!

" Oh Eye, unworthy of the Light of Heav'n:
" Oh Sins, too mountainous to be forgiv'n:
" Oh Rebel to the Law, and Love divine,
" How juſtly God's ſevereſt Vengeance thine!

" But oh, I bend my Heart's obedient Knee,
" In ſupplication, Lord, for Grace from Thee!
" Yes, I have ſinn'd, and I confeſs the whole—
" Forgive me then, nor caſt away my Soul!
" Save me from evil,—from thine anger ſave,
" And ſnatch me from the dark, untimely Grave!

" Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt Pardon
" give;
" A Monument of Mercy I ſhall live!
" [redacted]worthleſs as I am, for ever prove,
" That true *Repentance* leads to ſaving Love!
" That true Repentance tunes to praiſe the Heart,
" And in the Choir of Heav'n ſhall bear an am-
" ple part *!

Thus, by Affliction's deep correction taught,
MANASSEH to the Lord for Mercy ſought;

By

* See Prayer of Manaſſeh, in the Apocrypha, next to the Firſt Book of Maccabees; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. v. 11, &c.

By the kind chaſt'ning of a Father's Rod,
Brought to the Knowledge of himſelf and God!
Happy affliction, for ſuch knowledge giv'n;
And bleſt the Dungeon, which thus led to
Heav'n!

III.

REFLECTIONS.

(UNFINISHED.)

HERE, ſecluſe from worldly pleaſure,
In this doleful place confin'd,
Come, and let's improve the leiſure:
Meditate, my thoughtful mind!

Soul alike and body ſharing,
How have I the one forgot!
While for t'other only caring,
Lo! my miſerable lot!

Yet

Yet the one I ſo much cheriſh,
Doom'd to Death when giv'n to Life,
Soon, perhaps, muſt ſink and periſh,
Duſt to Duſt—muſt end the Strife!

From a tedious Tour returning,
Into diſtant foreign Land,
How my anxious Heart is burning
News of *Home* to underſtand!

* * * * * * * * *

To

To My FRIENDS;

ESPECIALLY OF THE

CHARITABLE SOCIETIES;

ON THEIR SOLICITUDE.

AH, my lov'd Friends! why all this care for one
To Life ſo loſt, ſo totally undone;
Whoſe Meat and Drink are only bitter Tears,
Nights paſs'd in Sorrow, Mornings wak'd to Cares;
Whoſe deep Offence ſits heavy on his Soul,
And thoughts ſelf-torturing in deep tumult roll?

Could you, by all your Labours ſo humane,
From this dread Priſon his deliverance gain;
Could you, by kind exertions of your Love,
To generous Pardon Royal Mercy move;

Where

Where ſhould he fly? where hide his wretched
Head,
With Shame ſo cover'd; ſo to Honour dead?

Spare then the taſk, and, as he longs to die,
Set free the Captive,—let his Spirit fly,
Enlarg'd and happy, to its native Sky!
Not Doubting *Mercy* from His Grace to find,
Who bled upon the Croſs for all Mankind.

But if it muſt not be;—if Heav'n's high Will
Ordains him yet a Duty to fulfil;
Oh may each Breath, while God that Breath ſhall
ſpare,
Be your's in Gratitude; be Heav'n's in Prayer!
Deep as his Sin, and low as his offence,
High be his Riſe thro' humbleſt Penitence!

While, Life or Death,—Mankind at leaſt ſhall
learn
From his ſad ſtory, and your kind concern,

That

That Works of Mercy, and a zeal to prove
By ſympathetic aid the Heart of Love,
On Earth itſelf a ſure reward obtain;
Nor e'er fall Pity's kindly drops in vain!

I live a proof! and dying round my Urn
Affliction's Family will crowd and mourn:
"*Here reſts our Friend*," if weeping o'er my Grave
They cry—'tis all the Epitaph I crave!

HIS

HIS LAST PRAYER:

WRITTEN JUNE 27, IN THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO HIS SUFFERINGS.

GREAT and glorious Lord God! Thou Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort! a poor and humbled *Publican* ſtands trembling in thy aweful Preſence; and under the deep ſenſe of innumerable Tranſgreſſions, ſcarce dares ſo much as to lift up his Eyes, or to ſay, *Lord, Be merciful to me, a Sinner!*

For I have ſinned, oh Lord! I have moſt grievouſly ſinned againſt Thee; ſinned againſt Light, againſt Conviction; and by a thouſand, thouſand Offences, juſtly provoked thy Wrath and Indignation! My Sins are peculiarly aggravated, and their burden more than ordinarily oppreſſive to my Soul, from the ſight and ſenſe I have had of thy Love, and from the high and ſolemn obligations of my *ſacred Character!*

But,

But, oppreſſed with conſciouſneſs, and broken in Heart under the Senſe of Guilt, I come, oh Lord! with earneſt Prayers and Tears, ſupplicating Thee, of thy Mercy, to look upon me; and forgive me for *his* precious Merits Sake, which are infinitely more unbounded than even all the Sins of a whole ſinful World! By his Croſs and Paſſion I implore Thee, to *ſpare* and to *deliver me, O Lord!*

Bleſſed be thy unſpeakable Goodneſs, for that wonderful diſplay of Divine Love, on which alone is my Hope and my Confidence! Thou haſt invited, oh bleſſed Redeemer! the burdened and heavy-laden, the ſick in Soul, and wearied with Sin, to *come to Thee*, and *receive Reſt*. Lord, *I come!* Be it unto me according to thy infallible Word! Grant me thy precious, thy ineſtimable REST!

Be with me, thou all-ſufficient God, in the dreadful Trial through which I am to paſs! and graciouſly vouchſafe to fulfil in me thoſe *precious Promiſes*, which thou, in ſuch fatherly kindneſs, haſt delivered to thy afflicted Children! Enable me to ſee and adore thy diſpoſing Hand, in this aweful, but mournful Event; and to contemplate at an humble diſtance Thy great Example; who didſt go forth, bearing thy Croſs, and enduring its Shame, under the conſolatory aſſurance of *the Joy ſet before Thee!*

And oh, my Triumphant Lord! in the Moment of Death, and in the laſt Hour of Conflict, ſuffer me not to want thine eſpecial aid! Suffer me not to doubt or deſpond! But ſuſtain me in thy arms of Love; and oh! receive and preſent faultleſs to thy Father, in the Robe of thy Righteouſneſs, my poor and unworthy Soul, which thou haſt redeemed with thy moſt precious Blood!

Thus

Thus commending myſelf, and my eternal concerns into thy moſt faithful Hands, in firm hope of a happy reception into thy Kingdom; Oh my God, hear me, while I humbly extend my Supplications for others; and pray, That thou wouldeſt bleſs the King and all his Family; That Thou wouldeſt preſerve the Crown in his Houſe to endleſs Generations; and make Him the happy Miniſter of *Truth*, of *Peace*, and of *Proſperity* to his People! Bleſs that *People*, oh Lord! and ſhine, as Thou haſt done, with the Light of thy Favour on this little portion of thy boundleſs Creation. Diffuſe more and more a Spirit of Chriſtian Piety amongſt all ranks and orders of Men; and in particular fill their Hearts with univerſal and undiſſembled Love:—Love to Thee, and Love to each other!

Amidſt the manifold Mercies and Bleſſings vouchſafed through thy gracious Influence—

Thou

Thou Sovereign Ruler of all hearts!—to ſo unworthy a Worm, during this dark day of my ſorrows: Enable me to be thankful; and in the ſincerity of heart-felt Gratitude to implore thine eſpecial Bleſſing on all my beloved *Fellow-creatures*, who have by any means intereſted themſelves in my preſervation! May the prayers they have offered for me, return in mercies on their own heads! May the ſympathy they have ſhewn, refreſh and comfort their own hearts! And may all their good endeavours and kindneſſes be amply repaid by a full ſupply of thy Grace, and abundant aſſiſtance to them in their day of diſtreſs;—in their moſt anxious hours of need!

To the more particular and immediate inſtruments of thy Providential love and goodneſs to me, Oh vouchſafe to impart,—Author of all Good!—a rich ſupply of thy choiceſt comforts!

Fill

Fill their hearts with thy love, and their lives with thy favour! Guard them in every danger: ſoothe them in every ſorrow: bleſs them in every laudable undertaking: reſtore an hundred-fold all their temporal ſupplies to me and mine: and, after a courſe of extenſive utility, advance them, through the merits of JESUS, to lives of eternal Bliſs.

Extend, great Father of the World! thy more eſpecial care and kindneſs to my nearer and moſt dear Connections. Bleſs with thy continual preſence and protection my dear *Brother* and *Siſter*, and all their children and friends! Hold them in thy hand of tender care and mercy; and give them to experience, that in Thee there is infinite Loving-kindneſs and Truth!——————Look with a tender eye on all their temporal concerns; and after Lives of Faithfulneſs and Truth, oh bear them to thy Boſom, and unite us together in thy Eternal Love!

But

But oh, my adorable Lord and Hope! ſuffer me in a more particular manner to offer up to thy Sovereign and Gracious care my long-tried and moſt affectionate Wife! Huſband of the *Widow*, be thou her ſupport! ſuſtain and conſole her afflicted mind! enable her with patient ſubmiſſion to receive all thy will:—and when, in thy good time, thou haſt perfected her for thy bleſſed Kingdom, unite again our happy and immortal Spirits in celeſtial love, as thou haſt been pleaſed to unite us in ſincere earthly affection! Lord Jeſus, vouchſafe unto her thy peculiar Grace, and all-ſufficient Conſolation!

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If I have *any enemies*, oh Thou who *diedſt* for thy enemies, hear my prayers for them! Forgive them all their ill-will to me, and fill their hearts with thy love! And, oh, vouchſafe abundantly to bleſs and to ſave all thoſe, who have either wiſhed or done me evil! Forgive

me,

me, Gracious God! the wrong or injury I have done to others; and *ſo* forgive me *my* treſpaſſes, as I freely and fully forgive all thoſe, who have in any degree treſpaſſed againſt me. I deſire thy Grace to purify my ſoul from every taint of malevolence; and fit me, by perfect love, for the Society of Spirits, whoſe buſineſs and happineſs is love!

Glory be to thee, Oh God! for all the bleſſings thou haſt granted me from the day of my creation until the preſent hour! I feel and adore thy exceeding goodneſs in all; and in this *laſt and cloſing affliction* of my life, I acknowledge moſt humbly the juſtice of thy fatherly correction; and bow my head with thankfulneſs for thy rod! Great and good in all!—I adore and magnify thy mercy: I behold in *all*, thy Love manifeſtly diſplayed; and rejoice that I am at once thy *Creature*, and thy *Redeemed!*

As

As ſuch, oh Lord, my *Creator* and *Redeemer*, I commit my ſoul into thy faithful hands! Waſh it and purify it in the blood of thy Son from every defiling ſtain: perfect what is wanting in it: and grant me, poor, returning, weeping, wretched prodigal—grant me the loweſt place in thy Heavenly Houſe; in and for his ſole and all-ſufficient merits—the adorable *Jeſus*;—who, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end.

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Amen and Amen, Lord JESUS!

THE END.